

CAPER'S FIFTEEN W	IARCH FEATURES
ARTICLES	12 The Heavenly Sounds of Gospel Music by Ed Neilson 20 Those Clever Creators of Cheesecake by Franklin L. Thistle 36 Occupation: Ghost Writer by Gould Roberts 46 One Flight Up To Madison Avenue by George H. Eckhardi 50 Why There Will Be No Article on Steam Autos This Month by Jim Mildon 62 Caper Between Covers
FICTION	2 The Courting of John Cunningham by Gene Lees 17 The Two Ages of Man by Adrian Culard 26 Birthday Surprise by John G. Hül 40 Now That You Mention It by E. W. Northnagel
PICTORIAL	7 Tally-Ho, Ivanhae! 23 Waves of Violence 30 African Handiwork 43 Never-Never Nudes 55 "Dear Sandra"
STAFF	Chester Krone, editor Lorenzo Garcia, art director David Ivins, associate editor Michael Gruber, associate editor Sheila Smith, art assistant Errol Gershfeld, art associate Joan Werner, editorial associate
	Douglas Allen, editorial director, Topical Magazines, Inc.
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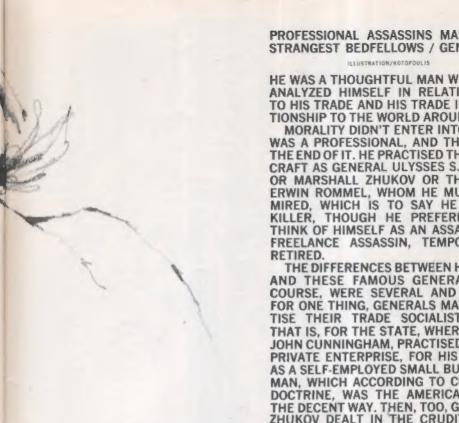
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PROFESSIONAL ASSASSINS MAKE THE STRANGEST BEDFELLOWS / GENE LEES

HE WAS A THOUGHTFUL MAN WHO HAD ANALYZED HIMSELF IN RELATIONSHIP TO HIS TRADE AND HIS TRADE IN RELA-TIONSHIP TO THE WORLD AROUND HIM.

MORALITY DIDN'T ENTER INTO IT. HE WAS A PROFESSIONAL, AND THAT WAS THE END OF IT. HE PRACTISED THE SAME CRAFT AS GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT OR MARSHALL ZHUKOV OR THE LATE ERWIN ROMMEL. WHOM HE MUCH AD-MIRED. WHICH IS TO SAY HE WAS A KILLER, THOUGH HE PREFERRED TO THINK OF HIMSELF AS AN ASSASSIN, A FREELANCE ASSASSIN. TEMPORARILY

THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THESE FAMOUS GENERALS. OF COURSE. WERE SEVERAL AND LARGE. FOR ONE THING, GENERALS MAY PRAC-TISE THEIR TRADE SOCIALISTICALLY. THAT IS, FOR THE STATE, WHEREAS HE, JOHN CUNNINGHAM, PRACTISED IT AS A PRIVATE ENTERPRISE, FOR HIS PROFIT AS A SELF-EMPLOYED SMALL BUSINESS-MAN, WHICH ACCORDING TO COMMON DOCTRINE. WAS THE AMERICAN WAY, THE DECENT WAY, THEN, TOO, GENERAL ZHUKOV DEALT IN THE CRUDITIES OF MASS PRODUCTION (IF THAT WAS THE TERM) WHILE CUNNINGHAM WAS A CRAFTSMAN, AN ARTISAN, WHO SERV-ICED EACH OF HIS CONTRACTS PERSON-ALLY AND WITH AN EXCELLENT SKILL. FINALLY, THE GENERALS WERE NOT SE-LECTIVE, WHEREAS CUNNINGHAM WAS: IT WAS PART OF HIS ETHIC THAT HE WOULD NOT KILL WOMEN OR CHILDREN.

HE SMILED AT THAT COMPUNCTION. IT WAS, HE RECOGNIZED. ANACHRONIS-TIC, A VESTIGE OF CHIVALRY, BUT HE PREFERRED TO KEEP IT. IT MADE HIM A FAR MORE HONORABLE MAN THAN ANY GENERAL.

HE TOLD THE BARTENDER, AN UN-HURRIED SMALL MAN WITH BROWN SKIN AND A FLAT, UN- (TURN PAGE) readable Aztec face, to bring him unother bourbon and branch water. Marie Antoinette was late. Of course her name was not really Marie Antoinette. That was a joke between them, though he had already forgotten its origin. Her name was Marie but Antoinette had been added somehow, in some reference to her French accent, on the evening he had met her at this very har, a few days after his arrival in Mexico City. He had known her a month now.

He sipped his drink, an unobtrusively good-looking man of thirty-eight whose full head of black hair was gray at the sides. There was no icy cunning about his brown, eyes, no cruelty about his mouth. The eyes were if anything rather kind-intelligently caim and kind-though there was a quality of extraordinary aleriness about them.

The Commanddos had formed him. He had run away from his Chicago home in 1940, when he was sixteen, worked his way to England in a convoy, and joined up, lying about his age. He had received marvelous training: the British, by God, still had pride in craftsmanship.

He had been taught to use a Thompson so well that he could kick open a door and, seeing several dommies in the room, hit all of them in a matter of seconds. Later, in Norway, he had encountered five Germans playing cards in a transmitter room. One of them swore and started to rise, Cunningham killed him first (because he was the first to start recovering his wits and therefore was the most dangerous) and then the others. Pausing for a moment to look at the bodies, he saw that with a single sweeping burst he had put two bullets, each in a vital area, in each man. It gave him a great sense of accomplishment, of pride in skill.

After that he took part in raids all along the coast of Europe. The Commandoes' function was uncomplicated: go in, kill and destroy, and get out. Though there was loyalty among them, each man knew that if he were hurt or worked too slowly, he might be left behind, and so each of them developed a tremendous self-sufficiency. Once he had to kill one of his companions. Cavendish, a Scot, was cut almost in half by German machine gun fire. He obviously would not last a half hour and he was in terrible pain. Cunningham aimed his Webley revolver carefully and, as Cavendish tried to smile his appreciation, put a bullet through his head.

When the war ended, Cunningham faced a grave problem of philosophy. Why was it moral to kill a German on such-and-such a date and immoral to kill him the next? What was the difference between the one day and its successor? The answer was obvious, for he was a clear-minded man: there was no difference. Morality was whatever those in polyer said it was

Demobilized in England ("demobbed," in the quaint British term), he returned to Chicago. For two years he worked at odd jobs, never making much money, then joined the Marine Corps, becoming a small-arms instructor and a sergeant. The Marines were good, the best of American forces, but not as good as the Commondos. He felt himself half an Englishman.

When Korea came, he was sent there, taking part in the retreat from the Inchon reservoir, among other activities. Wounded, sent home, he was honorably discharged. For several months he did nothing much except draw his pension (which began to distress his conscience: his leg was healing fine) and go out in the evenings to listen to jazz. He liked jazz. He liked all kinds of music, including opera.

He rarely volunteered reminiscences of his military experience, which seemed to bim to have no significance, though he answered whatever questions he was asked, briefly and with precision. After all, he was not ashamed of it either. A man he met named Canorrozzi, a regular at a har Conningham frequented, asked him if he had any feelings about killing. No, he replied thoughtfully, none whatever. After all, he had begun killing very early in his life. Did he, then, have feelings about the nationality of the er, um, victim . . . or rather, was his indifference, if you could call it that . . . or putting it another way: would be feel different about it if the man in front of his gun was an American?

Cunningham considered his answer carefully, as was his habit. No, be said, it would make no difference, as well as he could remember, he had killed eleven Germans, four Italians, a Scot, three Koreans, and a lot of Chinese.

"What if someone pald you to kill an American, paid you enough to make it worth your while?"

The contract, his first, was for a Mr. Lemon, who owned three restaurants. Mr. Canorrozzi was the proprietor of a linen service that supplied a great many testaurants. Mr. Lemon was making trouble. saying that the restaurants were using Mr. Caporrozzi's linens under duress at exorbitant prices. With the police force somewhat cleaned up after the most recent scandal, Mr. Lemon was saying, it was time the restaurant owners organized to throw out Mr. Canorrozzi's linens. It was, it seemed to Conningham, a familiar story on a small scale. Wars began when nations wanted to enlarge their markets or stop them from shrinking or keep intruders out of them. Cunningham was an army of one in the service of a nation named Canorrozzi, who wished one decisive military action to keep the small nations in

The hit was easy. Cunningham got Mr. Lemon as he was getting into his ear. At the sound of the shot, faces appeared in the living room window of Mr. Lemon's home, the faces of a woman and two girls. Within a year Cunningham's reputation

was secure in that taciturn social set whose members had occasional need for a man of his talents. Impressed by a skill that amounted to infallibility, satisfied clients sometimes pressed him to accept staff jobs, the fringe benefits of which were considerable. He always refused, preferring his independence and freedom from involvement, accepting almost without thought the insecurity that was the obvious concomitant of freedom. He was not ambitious, and he did only enough work to keep himself in modest comfort. His tastes were unprepossessing, the only luxuries he permitted himself being an excellent high fidelity installation, a substantial record collection, and from time to time a few hours with a quality call girl, He never stayed the night. It was his policy never to sleep in the presence of another person. As annoying as it was to leave a warm woman in the coel night, he always would go home to his apartment on the North Side, the address of which was known only to himself. He would slide into place the heavy bolt on the steel-lined door, kick off his shoes, mix himself a Jack Daniels and water, take mild hedonistic pleasure from the feel of the carpet's heavy nile under his stockinged feet as he crossed to his favorite chair, start some music, and then read for an hour before going to bed. He was partial to histories and books on military tuctics and strategy.

The apartment was small and nicely furnished in modern browns and white. Decorating the walls were a .38 Smith and Wessun revolver, an M-1 carbine, the wood of which he had refinished until it Instered like a piece of fine furniture, a superb Swiss hunting rifle with telescopic sight (for difficult contracts that had to he executed at a distance), a Thompson submachine gun, his old Royal Army Webley, and an antique Colt Peacemaker that was no longer functional. He had a distinct sentimental attachment to the Webley, but as a utility weapon, he liked the Luger, which was either on his person or within ready reach at all times. When he slept, it was eighteen inches from his head, on the night table.

Cunningham rose daily at ten-thirty and began doing Yoga asanas, which he felt produced the spring-quick reflexes he needed. Weights and pulleys and all those other devices merely piled useless most on a man's frame. Besides, such heavier exercising had to be done at a gymnasium, where he would have to undress, rendering himself vulnerable.

Not that he was afraid, really. He had a healthy self-preservative instinct, and of course the wherewithal to assert it, but lear, true fear, had been burned out of him long ago. At seventeen he had reigned himself to dying quickly. (He did not think of it as dying violently: a friend of his whose head had been removed by

(Continued on page 6)



"I'll tell you what. Let's make love to our wives until the other guests arrive."

(Continued from page 4)

a German 88 shell had died a good deal less violently than the average cancer

patient.)

Some five years after the contract for Mr. Lemon, this became not only inevitable but a matter of time, and not much time either. The president of a large transportation union, under investigation by a Senate committee, was afraid that the head of a recalcitrant local in St. Louis might talk too much. Cunningham's services were engaged and the St. Louis man went out in a black blaze of newspaper headlines. There were no loose ends, the job was one of Cunningham's better pieces of work. But the union president was so pervous that he could not accent the assurances of associates that Cunningham was a silent and reliable man. He hired two men to liquidate Conningham.

They tried to get him as he was leaving a nightclub. Fortunately, they had about them that flavor of ham that seemed to Conningham to be characteristic of conventional hoods. One of them couldn't repist saving, as he levelled his gun, "Okay, punk, this is the end of the line for you." or something like that, something trite and right out of a John Gerfield movie. It gave Cunningham all the time be needed. He threw himself sideways, slithered beneath a car and, comparatively safe from their sloppy fire, dropped both men with two shots. He ran through an alley and, thinking the police just might be prompt for once and put a ring around the area,

took the subway home.

He was angry, or as close to it as he was capable of coming. This complicated things, in fact it disrupted them compellely. There had been witnesses to the shooting, including the plane player from the nightelub. Cunningham considered killing him, but he was a nice kid, and besides he played good piano. Anyway, it was not feasible to kill all the witnesses. And when the police scoper or later picked Cunningham up, one or more of them would identify him. He could plead self-defense, obviously, and there was no doubt he could win. That wasn't the point.

Up to now he had no police record, until now he did not exist to them. Suddenly he existed. He would be watched, and this would seriously hobble his work. But more important: past clients would start to worry. What if the police should get something on him, they would ask themselves, would he tie them to some of his past activities? Cunningham realized he was in danger from 'police and old customers.

Well, that was reality for you. It took him a few minutes to decide what to do. First he telephoned Detroit.

us it beichmited Detroit.

"I wish you hadn't done that," he said.
"I don't know what you mean," a tinny little voice said nervensly.

"They're dead, y'know. I hope you didn't pay them up in advance."

"Now look here, Cunningham, I don't know anything about . . ."

"Would you like to die yourself? You should die. I should kill you. But it would accomplish nothing. So I'll tell you what we'll do. By tomorrow afternoon, you will turn \$75,000 over to me and ..."

That night Cunningham packed. He stripped the apartment of everything personal. What he did not pack he loaded into his car, including most of his gons. Then he drove south of the city and out onto a darkened pier. Getting out, he put the car in low and let it roll over the edge. As it hit the water, he sucked in his breath: he had forgotten to put the lights out. He saw them sinking cerily, greenishly. Then, to his relief, they went out. He walked to the road, hitch-hiked to the edge of town, and flagged a cab.

That afternoon his money arrived. He went to O'Hare Airport, caught a jet to Miami, stayed long enough to get a black-market passport in the name John Chandler and a visa from the Mexican consultate. Then he took a jet for Mexico City.

Marie Antoinette believed he was a private detective. He had told her he was in Mexico to look for an investment, that private detectiving was a hazardous profession he was anxious to get out of—so many ex-husbands resented him for the alimony they were paying. Bestdes, he said, it was not homorable work.

She said she understood perfectly.

The funny part of it was that if anyone in the world could understand how Cunningham looked at things, it would be Marie Antoinette. She had disposed of a few men berself in her time. She had been in the F.F.I., operating in Alsace, during World War II, and had killed several Germans. Still, many people had the queer idea that killing during wartime was not killing, so it was best that she continue to believe him.

"John, will you ever forgive me? How long have you been waiting?"

He turned at the sound of her accented voice. There was a burst of laughter from a group of men nearby, and a trio of singers struck up a song, Mexican singers in black-and-white embroidered cowhoy out-fits with tight pants and hig sombreros, playing guitars and with revolvers in holsters on silver-studded black belts.

Marie Antoinette stood in front of them, smiling at him. She was a pretty woman, perhaps thirty-six or seven, not very tall. She was, in fact, a little stocky, but ale had those good French legs and hips and firm breasts. Her face was the striking thing: she looked a little like a Siamese cat. Her chin, her mouth, ber mose were small, but her upper face was wide, with welf-defined cheek bonea, and she had unusual eyes. They were dark but of indeterminate color, and there was something smoky, veiled, hooded about them. You could not see itsto hem.

"Good evening, Marie Antoinette," he said formally, nodding a hint of a bow and reciprocating her smile. The smile of her mouth, in contrast to the expression of her eyes, seemed honest and direct.

She had never tried to conceal her attraction to him, and that of course was extremely un-American. An American woman rarely, if ever, would surrender herself to a man until some sort of price had been agreed upon, whether marriage or money or simply the promise of a good time. Somewhere he had read that the Romans defined a prostitute as one who did it for any reason but her pleasure. and by that definition all American women were prestitutes, or trying hard to be, That was another reason, though perforce a secondary one, why he had for so long patronized call girls; he liked the price out where he could see it, so that he could pay it and be shed of the obligation. Marie Autoinette had no price on her. She did not pretend she was doing him a favor for which he must compensate her-her purpose was her own pleasure, and she made no hones about it. It was a pleasant happenstance that his first free affair in several years should be with her. She had been easy to have and she still was.

She slid onto the barstool beside him. "Did you have a pleasant day?" she said.

"Quite," he said. "There's a very good museum here. They have a fine collection of military relies, souvenirs of American aggressions against Mexico and that sort of thing. It's always interesting to see things from the other guy's viewpoint. What did you do today?"

She had shopped, of course. She talked for some time about the stores and what she had bought. He was quite uninterested in the substance of her talk but he enjoyed listening to her, it was a happy thing to feel safe in a relationship. He kept getting the feeling lately that he had not been alive in the years since he had carried our hat first contract for Mr. Canorrozzi.

Suddenly her talk stopped. She was silent for a long moment. Then she said, looking directly at him, "John, why do you never stay the night with me? Why do you always get up and leave?"

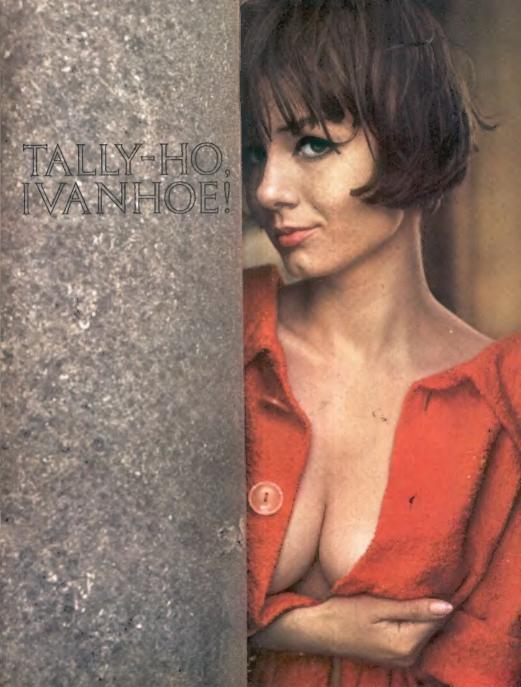
"Oh, I dont know, I . . .

"Is it your Protestant upbringing?"

He had been in church three times in his life: once for a wedding, once for a functal, and once to get out of the rain. But he was relieved that she had given him an escape from the question. "Does that make a difference?" he said.

Her smile was mocking and ironic. "Anyway, you Americans are all alike You are afraid to let yourselves go, you feel guilty about any kind of pleasure. And that, I suspect, is why you are always so restrained when we make love." The mockery faded from her smile. She put her hand on his on the bar. "Oh, John,

(Continued on page 61)



















GOSPO, MUSIC HAS ANNIVED HAVE MASSA'S IN THE COLD LIGHT AND

0 1 1 50

The streets of the "Bold Court one allest at the P.M. The management of Mountain is from the part by a glatter tourists; and theater-goors, who regularly inhabit the side streets jutying from the Great White Washave finished their hotween-act algerials and are now returned to their musicals and drames. An order inferior hange ever New York City's legendary theatrical district. 

• But an dath Street, directly apparent marques management, and the street, directly apparent marques maneuncing "How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," a strange aim rises from the pavernent to challenge the still. Occasional passers by step to wonder what the flows, jingling sound the pavernent to challenge the still. Occasional passers by step to wonder what the flow, jingling sound the Club With Soul." 

• A decrease in flowing white she'r gown bids the visitor pass and or the club a brightly colored twenty and proceed down its dark stairs. Reluctantly at first, but then with quickering stops, the advantage forward.

• A blonde halvest girl with angelic smills, then the management and golden using them page.

# THE HEAVENLY SOUNDS OF GOSPEL MUSIC



leads him through black drapes into a basement room filled with smoke and categoing sound. The room is lik by the red glow of candles from a hundred tables. The visitor stumbles past people who jump extictly into the air, pound tambourines, acresm cries of "yea, yea!," and clap hands to a table near the apot-lik handstand.

He can't beer thurself think, a tambourine has been thrust into his hand, he is staring down the vocal barrels of five of the wildcat-sounding aingers be has ever heard, and, inexplicably, his foot is now etamping out the beat they are chanting. Perhaps, he imagines, he has wandered into seldom mentioned section of Hell. Or could this be a revyal meeting?

Appearances to the contrary, The Sweet Charlot is neither heaven, hell nor revival meeting It is the country's first nightclub devoted exclusively to the presentation of gospel music. Negro groups such as the Herman Stevens Singers, who perform there nightly, do sing of heaven and hell, however, and in such fervent manner that The Sweet Charlot has in a short time become one of the "Innest" spots on the Manhattan nightelub circuit. The music belted out by its robust singers is considered the most important to his New York since the Twist reigned supreme two years ago at the 45th Street Peppermint Lounge, Like that earlier musical phenomenon, gospel has begun to move across the country. Long a major, if submerged, source of American popular music, gospel music is now surfacing in brash and gaudy manner

There is nothing new about gospel music. Sung since the days of slavery, it as the fountainhead of virtually all forms of popular music, including ragi me, year, blues and rock 'n' roll. Without the original gospel muse, and its less peripitate sater, Negro spirituals, there could be no modern American music.

We can trace the compelling rhythm of gospel music back to the natives of West Africa. Being pre-literate, they recorded and appraised contemporary happenings through song and dance. Each tribe had its own musical way of preserving history, promoting religion and commenting on tribal triumphs, scandals and tragedies.

There were professional story-tellers who desiced and sang for fee at tribal least, but everyone had some skill in this art. All occasions, happy or sad, from funerals to bithe and weddings, were times for rhythm and synopation. Percussion and stranged instruments were widely used to accompany the feet-stamping and body-swaying. In Ashanti, for example, a favorite was the Ntumpane talking drum, made from the skin of a femsle elephant's ear. This was sounded when a girl from Ashanti reached publishy. It was the signal for old women to come from the surrounding villages to sing "Bara," songs of ap-

proaching womanhood and childbearing.

The Swahili tribeamen recorded the harsh treatment they received from alave traders in songs of wor. Miserable as was their lot, the Negroes nevertheless retained a means of partial release from their in happiness the narcotics of bodily rbythm, voice and instrumentation.

Once settled on the plantations, the American Negro was quick to adopt the white man's God. Understandably, they felt a strong identification with the Old Testament sufferings of the Javachites.

But any Negroes who attempted to attend white congregational church services were quickly turned away. Whites were horrified at what the Negroes did to their staid Protestant hymns. The white approach to hymn singing was essentially objective-directed towards a distant God. The Negroes, however, sang in a subjective manner to a God they passionately believed was about to free them, in soul if not in body. Negroes were in search of personal salvation, religious costasy, and most of all, sautained hope. They fervently shouted the words to the borrowed gospel songs while beating out the hand-clapping. feet-stamping rhythms of Africa

Repulsed from white church gatherings, Negroes banded together at camp meetings to sing the songs they had learned from the white man. Often the words of well-known hymna were altered to include lyrkes that had racial and historical meaning.

The Negroes, for example, had something to say about their exclusion from white church services

> When I get to Heaven goin' to sing and shout Nobody there for to turn me out

The camp meetings had a dual purpose they promulgated religion among the slaves, and also allowed a secret place at which to discuss white masters, By 1819 the state of South Carolina saw fit to outlaw the meetings, so strong was the fear of Negro cabals among the white citizens. Since Negroes were forbidden to be off their plantations after dark, subsequent camp meetings were held early in the mornings while white masters still slept. In typical manner, Negroes made up songs about their camp meetings, one of which advises a distresed race, symbolized by the Virgin Mary, to run from an early morning meeting that has been discovered by a whip-wielding white marshall

O run, Mary, run Hallelu! Hallelu!

Here the combination of sorrow and jubilation—a major characteristic of Negro gospel music—is clearly evident. Like the Christians of pagan Rome, the Negroes of the South sang loudly when oppressed.

Another camp meeting song, "Don't Let Me Sleep Too Long," is sung nightly by The Golden Chords at The Sweet Chariot. The song's lyrues, now nearly drowned by the Chords' emphasis on loud, handclappin' rhythm, refer directly to one such clandestine meeting. The song was orgmally intended as a call to meeting for sleepy-eyed Negroes early in the morning.

With these early songs, gospel music developed a private vocabulary. "Mary," the Negro race, met in the "wilderness" for its secret camp meetings.

I seek my Lord in the wilderaces For I'm a-going home

"Home" for many slaves meant a return to Africa. The desire for escape in the early 1800's was encouraged by the work of the American Colonization Society, an organization that helped Negroes to travel to Liberia on the West cosat of Africa. Negroes recorded this hope of return is song, and their vocabulary of special word meanings developed further. The "heab'n" of the slave songs was actually Africa. That's where they were going to heaven, to Jordan, to Jericho. They were going "across the river" in colonization ships to Africa.

Thousands of black people did return during the 1830's and 40's, but the number of returnees was limited Recause only freed men could make the trip, and slave-owners, being business men, weren't about to free their slaves. Consequently, signs of the black man's despair appeared increasingly in his songs. He sang of death

One cold freezing morning
I lay this body down:
I will pick up my cross and follow
my Lord
All 'round my Father's throne.

Every hour in the day cry holy, Cry holy, my Lord! Every hour in the day cry holy,

Every hour in the day cry holy, Oh show me the crime I've done

One version of the "lay this body down" group of soess was sung on the stage by a northern actor. Thomas Rice. Wearing blackface, he sang a bastardized, "jezzed up" version of the songs he remembered hearing sung by a Negro slave named Jim Crow. Rice's performances marked the beginning of the white minetrel vogue.

The Negro people, meanwhile, survived the Civil Was and the ensuing Reconstruction, but they had little reason for pleaaure. They were no longer slaves, but neither were they considered to be men The great age of Negro "sorrow songs" continued.

This rich music was popularized in the North by the Fisk Jahilee Singers, an allhegge choir from Tennessee. Formed primardy to raise money locally for Fisk University, the group was soon singing its leyens, jubilations and gospels for the royal families of Europe. Whites found the music irresiatible.

One of the songs chanted during the 1870's by the Fisk Singers was "Swing Low, Sweet Chartot." The song was an expression of the Negro's wish to fice from the white hostility surrounding him. (The Ko Klox Klan had already begun its lynchings.) Negroes wished a chariot to swing out of the skies low enough for their souls to comb on board and he carried off to Africa

Swing low, charact! Pray let me in! For I don't want to stay behind. Swing low charact! Pray just let me n.

For I don't want to stay here no longer

But the Negro's dream of a return to Africa eventurary subsided, and by the turn of the century at had all but disappeared. Negroes, like other Americans, were too busy with the everyday business of their lives to be concerned with a distingt, memory-dumined land.

Music, however, continued to play an important role in Negro culture. Solemn spirituals beseached the Lord; rhythmic gospela loudly exhorted and shoused out to "haby Jesua." From these musical forms, a secular type of music, known as the "blues." began to emerge.

The blues music dealt with the everyday its of the southern Negro. The melody of the blues song was often indistinguishable from that of a spiritual, but his lyrics expressed a longing for "a woman and some lovan" rather than for "the lord." The bies were usually self-pitying, buter tales of unrequited love.

Musically, the gaps between the short base measures were ideal for filling in improvised lyrics. Those built-in intervals set the stage for pazz, with its spontaneous deviation from the musical score. Without blues there usuald have been no pazz, and without the antecedent of spirituals there could have been in blues. This history hegins with an unknown missical genius who liked his master's music, but not the way it was song.

Similarly, the early guspel songs evolved into a spirited form of blues called rag time. It took the secularized runte of man strelry, Minstrelry actually began on the plantations during the "Uncle Tom" anti-bellum period. Negro slaves performed their fast-paced, secularized gospel songs for their masters. Dan Ruce probably heard Jim Grow at such a plantation performance. Rice and other white performers in black-face performed the lively music throughout the country.

Negroes joined the white performers after the emancipation, but they were placed in the embarrassing position of having to instale the bad imitations of their own songs. As a further humiliation they were expected to affect the blackface worn by the white mustrel men. The most notable of the Negro instartels, James Bland, led his band throughout the country singing banjo tunes such as "Dixic," "Oh Dem Colden Shppers" and that most famous of all minstrel songs, Steven Fister's "Ohl Folks At Home."

W. C. Handy was with the Mahaly

Ministrels when they performed at the Chicago World's Fair in 1896. He played the "coon musse" expected of ministrel groups, but he did so with the stress on the music's swinging rhythm. He included the blues music of the saloons, funeral parlors and houses of prostitution in New Orleans and Memphis. The attention Handy received from Chicago audiences encouraged him to abandon the superficiality of "coon tyrics" completely. He formed a band devoted exclusively to the new music called ragtime, Thus, a new musical era hegan.

Handy wrote such great blues times as "St. Louis Blues" and "Memphia Blues." The Pan Alley realized the importance of the music and incorporated it into the popular songs of the Broadway munical stage. Irving Berlin completed the popularization of the style with his all-tims favorite, "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Minstrelry was dead by 1920, but it had leved long enough to allow a pepped-up, socularized version of gospel music to join with Negro spirituals, and emerge on the American rausical scene, with face unblackened, in the guise of ragime jazz.

While white musicians like Paul Whiting and George Gershwin were utilizing Nggame fremsic in various jusz and ragine forms, the Negro continued to sing his religious and secular music in church, at work and a social gatherings. Negro blues and juzz artists emerged from the black ghetto in



"Let me put it this way. If you were a building, you'd be evacuated."

the 20's and 30's to join the white performers. Together, they shaped the content of twentieth century music

But artists like Duke Ellington, Jack Teagarden. Billie Holiday and Bessie Smith performed secutar music only. The gospels and spirituals were not considered fit materia, for nightclubs. Certainly, a Sunday night gospe, meeting was a wild and wooly affair, engaging the talents of professional singing groups who traveled through the North and South. But liquor was never served at these religious meetngs. Nogro ministers, who sometimes grew uneasy at the fierce energy of the gospel music, made certain that congregations knew that they were singing to the Lord.

The first gospel singers who appeared in nightclubs in the early 1940's found themselves ostracized by the Negro community Sister Rosetta Thurpe-the first successful pop gospel singer-survived only because she sung highly-rhythmical gospel songs that were more secular than religaous.

The swing to secular gospel-gospel that retains religious lyzics but stresses rhythm rather than message -gained momentum in the fifties Negro radio stations carried the music several hours each day, and recording companies waxed such professionals as The Gospel Clefts, Ernestine Washington, The Stevens Singers and The Sc. J.Starrers.

But the two singers who have done must to popularize gospel music are Mahalia Jackson and Ray Charles. Mahalla Jackson, the long-reigning queen of gospel, contindes to deliver her message of faith on television, at concerts and on RCA Victor Records, Charles, a bines singer trained in a Southern church choir, has several mil-Lon-seiling discs to his credit.

Nation-wide acceptance of such stars as Mahaha Jackson and Ray Charles, and an unconscious assimilation of the Negro musical idioms of jazz, rock 'n' roll and place, payed the way for an increased presentation of gospel music in the 1960's. The most distinguished presentation to date has been Langston Hughes' gospel Christmas tale, "Black Nativity." It was perfermed ast year in Philharmonic Hall at I nevn Center in New York City, and subsequently traveled to the Spoleto Feshyal of Two Worlds, where Europeans has ed it as an American ethnic master-

The most garish presentation of gospel can been seen at The Sweet Chariot. Sweet Chariot owner, Joe Scandore, consulted record companies and disc jockeys before acting on his belief that thrill-seeking Manhattan pub crawlers were ready for a straight dose of old time religion. Finally convinced that there was money to be made, Scandore rounded up gospel groups willing to sigg in cabarets, refurbished an existant club to look like the inside of a bright red-and-yellow-striped

guspel tent, enstalled buxom waitresses dressed as "angels" and labeled the drinks to be served with exotic titles such as "Revival Meeting" (Tequila), "Angel's Harp" (Pernod) and "Heavenly Dew" (Creme de Menthe) With the men's and wornen's restrictions posted "Brothers" and "Sisters," respectively, and with a good supply of Japanese-made tambourines for would-be audience participators to pound on, he opened his door for husiness. The results, although not spectacular, have been gratifying EDIC Records has recorded the Herman Stevens Singers, the club's must popular group, on an L.P., and it is virtually impossible to get into the club on weekends without reservations,

The success of Joe Scandore's Sweet Chariot seems assured, but it was not established without controversy. One of the first things Scandure received on opening his doors was a blest from Mahalia Jacksun. The gospel queen loudly vinced her disapproval of religenus singing in a place that serves liquor A representative of Columbia Records-another company that has recorded "live" L.P.s at The Sweet Charlot-quickly went on the defensive "These audiences are not here for a religious cathersis," he said. "They are here for entertainment." Other people pointed out that Mos Jackson has sung at the Newport Jazz Festival where liquor is

A Negro church spokesman summed up the feelings of many when he sald, "White people have as much right to hear Negro music as Negroes have to hear Johann Sebastian Bach, Further, we must conclude that most of us do not agree that gospel music is secred, but rather, as opposed to spirituals and hymne, it is entertainment " The controversy continues, however, as the full season now goes into full swing

The conflict at The Sweet Charnel Is compelling, but it pales to msignificance when compared to the battle goanel music is helping to wage in the South, Gospel songs have always called out for salvation and freedom; often the two seemed identical. The Negro described his miscrable condition in song verse-frequently through analogous situations from the Old Testa ment-and then asked for help from the Lord

Today, young Negroes of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee often use old gospels and spirituals to arouse and comfort their embattled people. The young militants of SNCC (pronounced snick) use their voices as fists. They sing the old songs, as well as newly-created ones, at mass meetings and sit-ins and on Freedom Rides. Their "Freedom Songs," as the gospels and spirituals utilized by integrationists are called, instill confidence in nervous demonstrators.

Gospel music, by its very nature, is ideal protest musice it expresses happiness and misery constantly opposing one

another As sung by mass demonstrators of the South, it is positively ha r-raising Robert Shelton, a writer for the New York Times, reported one such mass gemonstration at which over a thousand voices sang out the integration theme, "We Shad Overcome."

"The voices in the church," he reported, "seem so big one can scarcely believe the surging power they create. Arms are anked by the leaders on the podium and by the followers in the congregation. The people sway in time to the song, at once ma estic and mapiring, yet still hamble and determined '

We shall overcome. We shall overcome, We shall overcome, some day, Deep in my heart, I do believe.

We shall overcome, some day After bolstering their courage with song, the congregations pour into the streets and head for a segregated department store or city park-to demonstrate. Often as not, they are led by an extraordinary group of young people called the "Freedom Singers."

The Freedom Singers, most of whom are barely out of their teens, are becoming a legend. These ubiquitous SNCC field workers sing wherever demonstraturns are in progress in the South. They make up their freedom songs, or give new meaning to old slave songs by changing a few words. In a current example, they changed the word "trouble" to "treedem."

Over my head I see freedom in the

There must be a God up there The Freedom Singers prefer to remain

in the South where they feel their singing has more direct effect in a ding the cause. The group nealizes, however, they have become a symbol, now they have started performing on Northern college campuses and in concert ,al's. Their concerts (such as those at Carnegie Hall) raise money for SNCC field work and spread word of the Negro's demand for equality. Signuficantly enough, however, they almost facked to appear at the Newport Folk Festival this past summer because one of the group was languishing in a Southern jail waiting for bail money. He had been arrested during an integration demonstra-

There is no end in sight to the gospe phenomenon. This exciling music is now a major part of the American fock music renaissance. It is telling the story of a people. And even for those who do not care about that story, there nevertheless remains the enchantment of the irrepressible gospel rhythm. As Langston Hughes, the author of "Tambourines To Glory," the gospel musical headed for Broadway this year, has explained, "Masic can mean, scream, groun and laugh far more than words alone can ever do."





Test to the state of

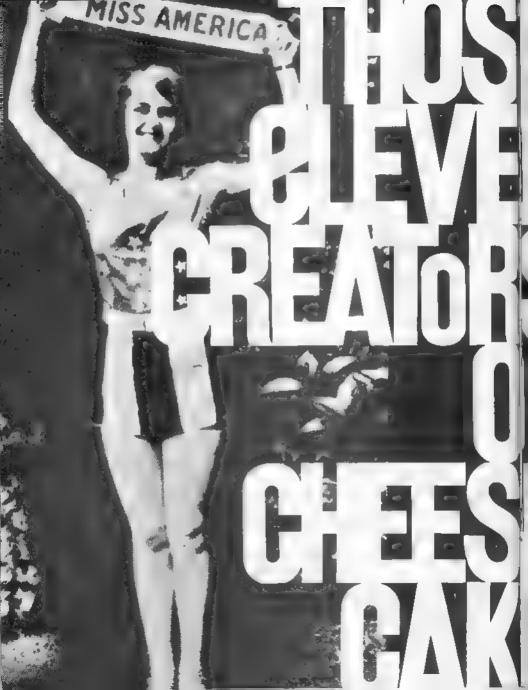
nimself, did all the suffering while Peter had all

### and a sweater.

## Band-Aid box

#### entrance to the pond.

The state of the s



One day is September 1915, a ship carrying a pretty Spanish opera star named Elvira Amazar docked in New York, George Miller, a seventeenyear-old photographer raced aboard to get the singer's picture. He posed the beautiful brunette on the arm of a deck chair, boldly raised her skirt several inches above her knees, then fired eway. When the picture landed on the desk of a newspaper editor, it caused a sensation. | "Why this is better than cheesecake!" exclaimed the editor-or so the story goes. The editor published the picture and by so doing established a procedent that newspaper and magazine editors have followed faithfully ever since. 🗌 Because he was responsible for the publication of the first leg-art picture in the American press, Miller, now a general assignment photographer for the New York Journal American, is considered the father of cheesecake When he photographed Miss Amazar, Miller was working for the Bain News Service, a photo-gathering syndicate. The Bain Agency's experness to acquire photographs of opera celebrities (In those days, opera stars were far more popular among the general public than they are today.) Indirectly led to Miller's achieving what was almost impossible in 1915getting a women to raise her skirts for a newspaper photograph. | "I got my first cheesecake shot because I was a brash kid," Miller recells. "It was a footish thing for me to do. Since then, I have always thought she didn't object, first because I was so young and second because, being a performer, she really didn't mind. Anyway, although she murmured a light protest, she didn't rearrange the skirt." Thanks to George Miller's brashness. Americans have since been treated to a steady diet of cheesecake. Miller has taken about twenty cheesecake shots a week for the past forty years. None of them, however, have become as famous as his first one. 🗌 "I try te show as much form as possible without making the picture vulgar or obscane," he says, "Many times I do it so gracefully the girls don't even know the picture has been taken until they see It in the paper. You have to use finesse in approaching women for this sort of picture or you scare them away. You learn to look for the attractive or beautiful women because they usually want to be photographed. | Although 1915 was the year when the first real cheesecake picture appeared in a newspaper, cheesecake, in cruder form, first appeared on the American scene as far back as Colonial days in the pages of Benjamin Franklin's Pennsylvania Gazette, Franklin was the first to use advertising cuts of shapely females in his newspaper to call attention to his shoping notices. A short time later, the female form appeared on shop and tavern signs to attract the passerby. | With the advent of the lithographic halftone, the advertisers of the 1870's hawked their wares through the use of trade cards picturing lightly clad ladies. The trade card gave rise to a more extensive use of cheesecake in advertising. It was only a short advertising step to the use of an eye-catching maiden

called La Belle Choclabere to advertise Baker's Chocolate. When this fatching maiden appeared on grocer's shelves, the sales of Baker's Chocolate soured. La Belle Choclatiere became the nation's first cheesecake trademark. 🗀 Following in her dainty footsteps was the girl who sits clad in her scanties by that cool stream for the White Rock people, Site was supposed to persuade men to drink more mineral water. The number of ladies who have gone on to glory in a similar manner is legion. I One of them, the "Gibson Girl," created by artist Charles Dane Gibson to represent a characteristic society woman, gained amazing popularity during the early 1900's. She was an American ideal and helped to foster the popularity of cheesecake in advertising. Theesecake connectseurs owe a lot to an artist named Paul Chabas, who introduced the country to calendar cheesecake in 1912 with a painting called September Morn. His model was a stender, sixteen-year-old French blonde, whom he painted in the nude on the shore of a lake near Switzerland. Chabes showed the painting at the Salon, where it won a medal of honor but caused no public stir and appealed to no collector. Hoping for a buyer, he shipped his mesterpiece to the United States, where it unexpectedly came to the attention of Anthony Comstock, self-appointed monitor of American morals. 
Comstock was strolling down a street in midtown Manhattan one May day in 1913 and chanced upon the pointing, then displayed in the window of an art gallery. Storming in, Comstock Nashed his police badge and roured, too little morn and too much maid. Take her out?" [ ] The gallery refused. Next day the story was splashed across the front pages of New York's newspapers, and the picture became famous. Encaged crips of "lewd and indecent" were met with The New York Times' indignant defense that the picture was as "delicate and innocent as it is beautiful." September Morn became a staple of calendar art and was reproduced on candy boxes, postcards, cigars and suspenders. Theater-goers saw their first display of cheesecake in 1861, in the person of Ada Isnacu Merken. She became known as "The Naked Lady" when she rade across the stage clad in flash-colored lights and strapped to a stallion. Said one critic. "Respectable people go to see the spectacle and not the figure." [] It wasn't until 1907, however, that theater-goers were treated to a show devoted exclusively to cheesecake. That was the year when showman Florenz Ziegfeld presented his first offering, the "Follies of 1907," a racy revue modeled after the famous Parissen "Folies Bergere ' Ziegfeld's shows created a sensebon, especially since women of that day hardly dured to expose an ankle on the street. The standard recipe for a Zingfeld show included scores of beautiful girls dazzlingly dressed in colorful costumes, gay music, opulent settings and an accompanying mixture of romance and comedy. For twenty years the "Ziegfeld Follies" provided one of the most layleh (lum page)

displays of cheesecake on the American continent.

Ziegfeld beheved the formula for success lay in the partial concealment of the female form Some of his rivals thought differently, however The brothers Shubert ntroduced bare legs and hare midriffs in "The Passing Show of 1914" and Earl Carroll credited the success of his "Vanities" to the near nudity of his chorus line.

Carroll unveiled his first "Vanities" in 1923, and they ran continuously, with annual revisions, for thirteen years. The famous showman featured feminine undity in his shows and contended, against much opposition, that the unadorned female form was a thing of beauty, the exhibition of which could not be considered lewel or obscene.

For his uncessing efforts to educate the public to appreciate the beauty of undraped females, Carroll was brought into court dozene of times and miled twice.

Two years after Earl Carroll launched his first "Van.ties," an ex-employee of his named Russell Markert introduced the now-famous Rockettes into the show at the Radio City Music Hall in New York City

"The Rockettes were started in 1925." says the dapper Markert. "I had traveled to St. Louis to put on a stage show for the three Skouras brothers, who were then unknown, and I needed some dancing to spice it up. I held tryouts and selected sixtern girls. That's how the Rockettes were born.

"The act was modeled after the Tiller Girls, a British precision-dancing team, but our dancers were taller and had longer legs. Until that time most chorus girls had been imported from England. I had seen the Tiller Girls dance in the Ziegfeld Follies and vowed if I ever got a chance I'd get American girls to dance tike that."

Markert made good his yow. He personally trained his dance team and toured it around the country for a year, performing in various vaudevale houses before settling down to a long-term stay in the Roay Theater Many shows and hundreds of gitls later the Rockettes moved to Radio City Music Hall, where Markert holds the position of vice president and, at 62, is still phoreugrapher and director of stage shows.

The man responsible for bringing cheesecake to the screen was a burlesome comic named Mack Sennett who influenced the course of the movie industry for twenty years. Renowned as the creator of the Keystone Kops. Sennett is famous as well for aventing the concept of the bathing beauty Sennett's girl was a leggy young lass who were calf length stockings, a hat and a bathing suit which revealed only her knees and thighs. In those days such exposure was considered the height of daring.

Sennett launched his bathing beauties after observing that pretty girls who held their skirts up above their knees in public were always photographed and consistently made the papers. He decided to use this same gimmick in his movies and in the publicity used to promote them.

"When the women's clubs started squawking, I knew I had something the public wanted to see," Sennett once com-

Probably no other industry has done more to exploit cheesecake than the advertising industry. Years ago it dawned upon admen that there's pothing like a dame when it comes to promoting a product. The female form has pitched everything from billiard tables to beer Nowadays at least one out of every three advertisements features a girl. She may not always be responsible for making a sale, but she will put a number of men in the mood for buying something.

As one adman put it. "A pretty girlin or out of a pretty picture-can sell a

man anything at all."

Undoubtedly, the late Elleott Springs, the president of Springs Cotton Mills, did more to promote the use of cheesecake in advertising than any other man. Thanks to his efforts, millions of Americans are well acquainted with the girls appearing in the risque ads for Springmand fabrics.

Springs launched his cheesecake-filled ad campaign in 1947 with an innocent looking advertisement which appeared in several national magazines. The ad showed a lovely young thing in a swirl of autumn leaves, her skirt blown high around her hips by a noppy full breeze

"BE PREPARED," warned the ad-(The girl had panties on.) Other than that and the Springmaid logo, it carried only one brief paragraph of copy. But that was enough to make some readers turn red with rage and others to double up with laughter. It rend: "Elliott Springe, president of the Springs Cotton Mills, says he is prepared to make everything shown in the meture."

The double entendre aroused a storm of controversy. Springs was delighted, He immediately prepared another ad under the guise of a retraction hoping to stir things up even more

His new ad appeared with the same girl, same caption, and same logo. Only the little paragraph was revised. It now read "Elliott Springs, president of the Sorings Cotton Mills, says he is not prepared to make everything shown in the picture."

This ad, of course, brought even louder laughter and greater howls of protest. Realizing that he had hit upon a sure-fire advertising gimmick. Springs continued to promote his products with similar ads until his death.

No article on the creators of cheesecake would be complete without mentioning George Petty One day about forty years ago, Petty conceived the idea of creating a model whose face and figure had all the attributes of youth and sex Immediately he sat down at his drawing board to create his "vision of loveliness," using his wife as

a model. At the time, Petty was working for a Chicago engraving firm for ten dollars a week. He guit and opened his own studio as the idea took shape on paper

In 1933 the Petty Girl was introduced to America in Esquire magazine In short order the Petty pretty was adorning army barracks, barber shops and the bedroom walls of thousands of males. The Petty Girl became America's latest aweetheart.

Second only to George Petty in making Americana cheesecake conscious in Alberto Varies, the creator of those impossibly proportioned young ladies known as Vargas Cirls

Vargas was born in Peru, the son of a bighly successful portrait photographer While still in his teens, his father sent him to school in Europe. Upon completing his education. Vargas applied for a fob as an apprentice to a famous portrait photographer in London, He wanted to learn the business thoroughly and then return to Peru to work for his father However, just as he was booking passage to England, World War I broke out and he found hunself stranded in Paris. The only boat he could get was bound for the United States and he decided to take it.

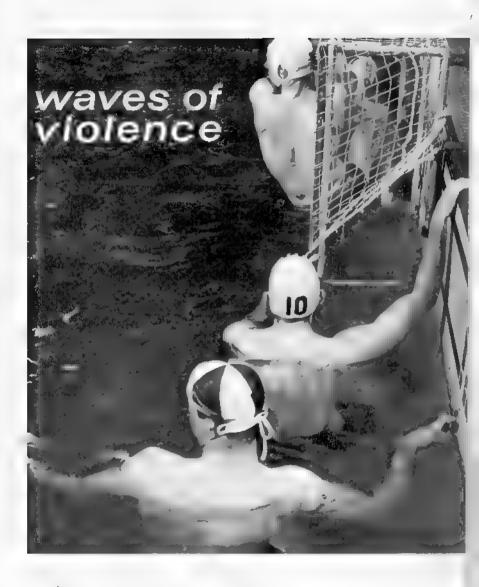
Save Vargae: "When I arrived in New York and saw the American girl, I never got back to Peru or photography I sensed something astonishingly different about the American girl and felt that I had to draw her. Perhaps these are features which native-born Americans take for granted, but to my eyes the relaxation, independence, and self-assurance of an American girl are visible in her face and figure-and she is beautiful for it."

Vargas stayed in New York and set to work to prove himself as an artist. His first drawings were of the heads of girls for some of the better slick magazines. Later he was commissioned by Florenz Ziegfeld to draw the Folkes stars for lobby illustrations. After that, his work was in great demand.

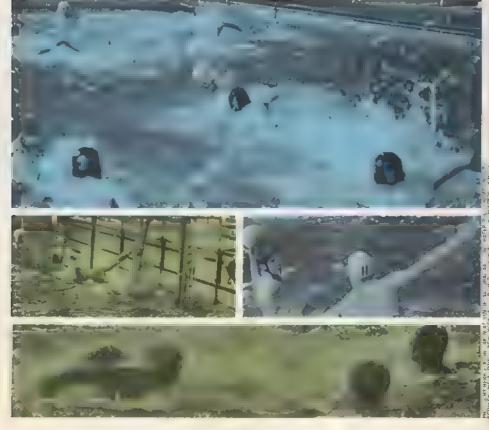
In drawing one of his girls, Vargas starts off with a pre-iminary sketch of the model in the nude, since anatomical detail is of the atmost importance in his work. As his work progresses, he gradnally adds buts of cothing. His first step is to make a thumbrail sketch of the basic lines in the figure. If the sweep of these lines doesn't please him, he trieu another pose. When he is satisfied that his composition has ment and interest, he moves to a full-size tissue paper drawing. and sketching in the broad lines first and then the features. When his tissue is perfect, he transfers it to the art board for the finished drawing

Today, Vargas is kept busy with many commercial assignments. Through the Fortune Merchandising Corporation of Los Angeles, he has made some of his selected pictures available for biliboards and news-

(Continued on page 60)



First find an Olympic-sized pool and swim as many laps as it takes to bring you to the brink of utter exhaustion. Then ask the biggest man you know to jump on your shoulders, and hire a few good basketball players to aim sat shots at your head. Now let the sharks into the pool. Does this sound like fun? If it does then you may be ready to begin to try to learn water polo. One of the most grueling sports on the Olympic list (where it has been since 1900) water polo is probably the least popular, in



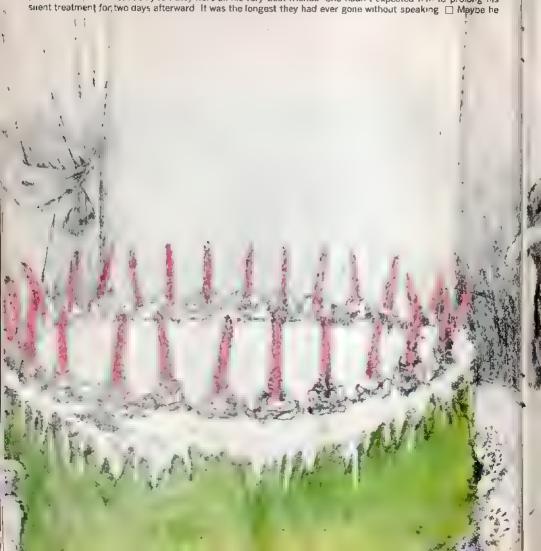
terms of both attendance and participants. However, the men who do play make up for their lack of numbers with an abundance of Jolly spirits. Rules are simple: no slugging or holding (above the surface), ball may not be pushed under (players may), only players who have the ball may be tackled. There is no official disposition of drowned players, but we presume that they are removed at half time when the pool is dragged. If you like rolling around in you—try water polo,



caper 25

## REMEMBER YOUR WIFE'S BIRTHDAY, MAN, OR SOMEONE ELSE WILL BY JOHN HILL

The front door did not exactly sign but it closed firmly as Lucy Ludlow's husband left the house that morning, the morning of her twenty sixth birthday. 
He hadn't mentioned her birthday during breakfast or when he was getting ready to eave for work. No special kiss, no smile, no present or promise of one. Not a word Just the routine dullness of a weekday morning still spiked with the hostility of a weekend quarrel. Like all toff their recent disagreements it had stemmed from a small incident, an ill-humored remark she made Sunday morning about the money he had spent at the Wake Up Club after the previous night's dance. She hadn't expected him to be quite so stung, but it was a just criticism. They didn't have the money to buy drinks for everyone in the place because Norm suddenly felt they were all his very best friends. She hadn't expected him to prolong his silent treatment for, two days afterward. It was the longest they had ever gone without speaking. 
Mayne he



hadnit really forgotten her birthday, as at first she'd believed, much as that thought itself hurt her pride. May be he remembered and didn't consider it important enough to break up this silliness of not speaking. That possibility hurt her even more. And it angered her lit was this rising anger compounded of hurt pride and tierce impotence which jerked her hand toward his empty coffee cup to seize and hurliagainst the cab net on the far wa. After only five years! Married five years and this was how he could act on her birthday knowing too how important she considered them, how she planned his weeks in advance so it would be a day to remember baking cake, serving his favorite steak, and always coming up with a unique gift, something she knew he wanted yet hadn't expected. And this was the way he treated her in return. She walked from the kitchen into the full length mirror at her reflection, at the fine curving fines of her figure out ned through the sheer deepic eft diressing gown she'd worn this morning at breakfast. He hadn't not ced that (turn page)



any more than he'd noticed bow she'd risen a little earlier to be able to spend more time combing her hair and touching the lipstick to her lips. He hadn't noticed. or if he had he'd chosen to ignore her

She noticed the forehead lines brought out by the unconscious frown she were and sighed, easing out the lines. Then she forced her lips to smile and put her hands on her hips. She swung her hips from one sine to another, turning before the mirror as she swung. She had a damn fine body She could see it in the mirror and she could read a concurreng opinion in most men's eves

This couldn't go on. If he had forgotten or ignored her larthday, she could be pretty certain there was not much left for them in their marriage, and it was not sensible to wait, to drag it out until they grew bitter, hating each other. It would be far better to face up to the conflict and work out a solution while they were both still young enough to go their own ways, to look in other places for the things they'd once had in each other

The doorbell rung.

Lucy walked rapidly to the front door. annoyed in advance and wondering which of her friends dared call on her this enriv-They couldn't know how her birthday had begun, but it was still too early She opened the door and then drew back in

Tim Stockwell tipped his hat and smiled his crooked macking amile. "Norm left

vet. Lucy?"

"Why, yes, he has, Tim. Just a minute or two ago. Is something the matter?" Without really thinking about it she stepped back, opening the door wider

Tim stepped inside "Nothing serious, I had to take my car in to have a new muffler put on last night, and they won't be finished till noon. I thought maybe I could get a ride into town with Norm."

Lucy began to realize she was standing in front of him in her dressing gown. Tim was a good friend of Norm's, a neighbor who aved in the same back. He was older than Norm, thirty-five at the least, but she had seen things in Tim's eyes too, at dances and at cocktat, parties. She thought she even saw the same peculiar glitter begin in his eyes now even though his gaze rema nee po stely on her face alone She said, "It's too bad you missed him. Is there someone else you can ride with?"

Tim shrugged. "I'm due for some time off I'm we t for my muffler, I don't want them to take me for granted at the office The'll be a good time to see if I'm massed." He smiled at her again. "Well-" "In that case you have time for some

coffee There's a whole pot on the store." "I could use a cup," Tim said and now

his eyes did wander from her face, a quick glance between bunks up and down her figure and back to her face again. If she had not been watching him so closely she

would have massed it-and been disap-

In the ketchen he sat in Norm's chair while Lucy turned on the burner under the coffee.

"Warm. It'll be a wonderful warm spring day You going somewhere?" Tim asked.

"Me? Oh, no. I just wondered. It's-n's my birthday today. I always hope the weather will be pice. Like a good omen." She brought him a cup and poured coffee in it. "Cream and sugar are right there."

"Planning to celebrate today" Lucy deliberately dropped ber bead. folded her bands in her lan and struck her best wounded wife pose. Softly she said. "I guess not. I don't think Norm remembered."

Tun chuckled, "Then why didn't you tell him? That's certainly no way to col-

lect birthday presents."

At the sound of his chuckle she felt the urge to throw something again. No one understood. This time her will gave way and two tears of self-pity leaked through and trickled down her cheeks. She kept her eyes on her lap, hoping he would notice. "I don't think-people should remember something as important as a birthday without-"

Tim was out of his chair, standing beside her The teasing bantering tone was gone from his voice, "I'm sorry, Lucy, I didn't mean to say anything to hurt you." He took one of her hunds and she came up out of her chair

She brushed at her cheeks with her free hand. 'Oh, I'm just being silly, I guess. She looked up into his eyes and tried to smile. She really had not expected her hid for sympathy to carry quite so far, to get out of her control. Tim still held her hand, his grip warm and reassuring.

"Lucy," he said "Lucy," His head moved a fraction of an inch toward ber She leaned into his arms and let the tears come. "Oh, damn it, damn it." She hited her face to him

He kissed her bright soft lips. His arms tightened around her

She liked it. Other than the drunken meaningless kisses of New Year's Eve parties it was the first time a man had kissed her since she'd married Norm. She liked it and she made it last.

It was Tim who pulled away, "Lucy, I'd better leave." He dropped his arms from

around her waist

It was the fastest decision she'd ever been called upon to make and she fully recognized its importance. Tim was in her power Whichever way she wished to push him he would go. She could save her burthday after all. There must be a special significance in his arriving at this particular time on this particularly special day, a sign of an opportunity to change her condition. And hadn't she already decided, standing in front of the mirror after Norm left?

Lucy said, "Tim, I have to take to someone. Stuy awhile and talk to me. Thatthe kass-that was an accident-for both of us."

Tim forced a smile, an uncertain lifting of the corners of his mouth, entirely vacant of the confidence he had displayed when he arrived. "We,l sure, Lucy Sure."

She led him out of the kitchen and into the living room. She hesitated until he walked to the couch and sat down, then she followed him and sank into the cushion beside bim

He took out a cigarette and wordless,v offered her one. He lit them both, inhaling deeply on his own. With smoke still drifting from his mouth he said. "What's the trouble, Lucy? You and Norm tending?" He peered at the glowing tip of his cigarette, refusing to look her in the

A tiny soule lit Lucy's face as she studied him. She leaned back and crossed her legs, taking pains to cover her knees with the sheer folds of the dressing gown but seeming unaware of her breasts lolling forward, but lightly enclosed by the same material. "I honestly don't know, Tim. Maybe it's all my fault. We just don't seem to be able to get along anymore. How long have you and Marilyn been married? Is it just a phase Norm and I are in!"

Still not looking at her Tim said, "Ten years. I'm a hell of a one for anyone to ask advice. Marilyn and I just go through the mutions."

"I'm sorry I didn't know. I mean, it sen't obvious. She's older than you, ien't

Tim nedded and knocked ash from his cigarette. "Two years, Maybe that's part of it." Now he turned to Lucy, "We talked to a lawver last week."

Lucy put her hand on his arm, "I had no iden. How do you-you mean you both went to the same lawver?"

"That seemed the easiest way We'd both agreed we wanted out. One lawyer doren't cost as much as two. But here I am telling you my problems. I thought I was going to listen to yours."

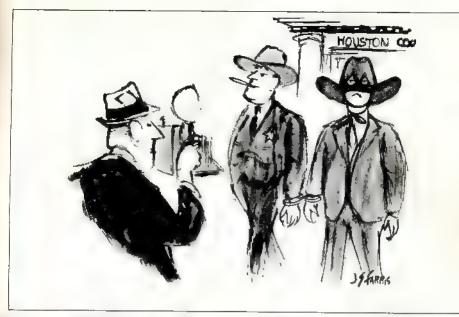
"How long does it take? After you see

the lawyer and everything?"

"I'm not sure. Six months to a vear." Lucy leaned forward to crush out her cigarette. When she leaned back one crossed knee poked through the slit of her gown. "I'm going to divorce Norm. We're no good for each other anymore. And I'm not getting any younger I don't want to west until-"

"Don't be silly, Lucy." He placed his arm along the back of the couch.

"What do you mean? That I shouldn't?" "No, I didn't mean that I mean the idea you're old. I told you once you luoked nmeteen You do. A beautiful nineteen." His other hand moved hesitantly to ber knee, almost as if against his will



The touch of his hand felt cold to her and the shivered. Soon the chill vanished She said quietly, "I never thought you'd even noticed me before."

"I've noticed you." His voice was hoarse now," When I'm in the same room with you I have to force myself to keep from staring at you But I've never seen you as beautiful as you are right now." His arm came Jown from the back of the couch and he gripped her around her shoulders, his fingers spread wide over the unprotecting cic.h. He pulled her to him.

Lucy had known he was going to kiss her as soon as his hand touched ber show dor. She had known he would ever since his other hand had moved so tentatively to her knee and touched it. She wanted him to kins her, to go on kissing her She strained against him, turning on her hip, not carring now about the exposure of her legs as the dressing gown spread wide. Her own hands were clawing into the back and she mounted into his mouth when she felt his right arm slide down from around her neck to her breasts.

"Tan: " she began.

There was no restraining hum now, nor did she want to restrain bim.

Suddenly she laughed at him and the aughter broke the tension, disrupted the argency of the struggle He dropped his hands as a starged unbelieving at her. "Tim, she said, "Whose birthilay wait a inotate. is this? Who's giving the present?"

She laughed again, but this time she also ran ber hand through his hair. As she answered she sat down in his lan-"Yes, I want you. I want you terribly But do we have to horry?' She began unknotting his tie "Once a gurl gets out of a man's grop, she's really free, isn't she'?" And she knighed again "You wouldn't

"Don't-don't you want me now, Lucy?"

dare get up to run after me, would you?" "Wooddn't 1?" he said, langhing with her "Wouldn't I though?" His hands pressed the flat tautness of her stomach.

He stood up, crading her in his arms-Very gently, as if handling a delicate and precious work of art, he placed her on the couch. Quickly he undressed and the Iwo of them made love.

Lucy had just taken a suitcase out of her closet and placed it on her bed when the doorhelf rang. It was seven o'clock. She'il already decided Norm most have rearhed the same conclusion as she and was staying away overnight. Or maybe he was late because he was consulting a lawyer In any case she was leaving him, and if he was showing up now, he was in for a surprise. She opened the door

"Surprise! Surprise!" cried a dozen voices on the porch.

"Happy birthday, Lucy," a woman said. Norm stood before her, grinning down at her. "Happy burthday, boney." He handed her a large package. "I'll bet voor thought I'd forgotten. How about letting us in? This is going to be a party."

Wide-eyed, Lucy looked from the package to her husband and back again. "What is this, Nornt?" she said.

The group of men and women were flowing around and pass them into the house, the women chattering their greetings, the men toking about the bar

"Not much of a present, Lucy," Norm said. He kimed her forehead, "I liked that housecost you had on this morning so much I bought another one. Different color If you play your cards right, you can have a different one for every morning of the week." He patted the puckage. "It was all I could do to keep my hands off you this moraing, but I wanted to keep that act going."

Lucy felt the guests waiting for her to poin them. Still holding the present in her arms she turned, forcing her lips to smile. It was then that she noticed Tim and his wife standing near the couch

Norm tooched her arm "Yon're not mad, are you, Lucy? About me not mentioning your birthday this murning?"

She could not ted from the cronced grin Tim were whether or not he had known about this party when he'd come to the house that morning- for the earlier party. and as the warm memory came back to her she decided it really district matter She winked at Tim.

To her husband she said sweetly, "Not at all, Norm. Not at all."



AMONG THE HANDICRAFTS OF THE TRIBES OF AFRICA IS BEADWORK CAPER IS HONORED TO PRESENT A FEW EXAMPLES OF THIS QUAINT FOLK ART LEFT, A FINE N'BDELE WITCH DOCTOR'S SKIRT INSCRIBED WITH THE MYS-TICAL SYMBOLS OF HIS TRADE, BELOW LEFT, A ZULU BREASTBAND, PURELY FOR DECORAT-IVE PURPOSES. BELOW RIGHT, A CAPE AND SKIRT WORN IN THE SPRIGHTLY CEREMONIAL DANCE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED VIRGINS DIRECTLY TO THE RIGHT IS THE ENSEMBLE WORN BY THE GRAIN CARRIERS, WHO ARE CHOSEN FOR THEIR ABILITY TO CARRY A FULL BASKET OF CORN PAST THE TRIBE'S YOUNG FARMERS WITHOUT SPILLING EVEN A SINGLE KERNEL IN EACH OF THESE WORKS OF ART NOTE THE DELICATE SYMMETRY CURVIL NEAR TECHNIQUES AND THE QUITE SOPHISTICATED MANNER IN WHICH FORM FOLLOWS FUNCTION



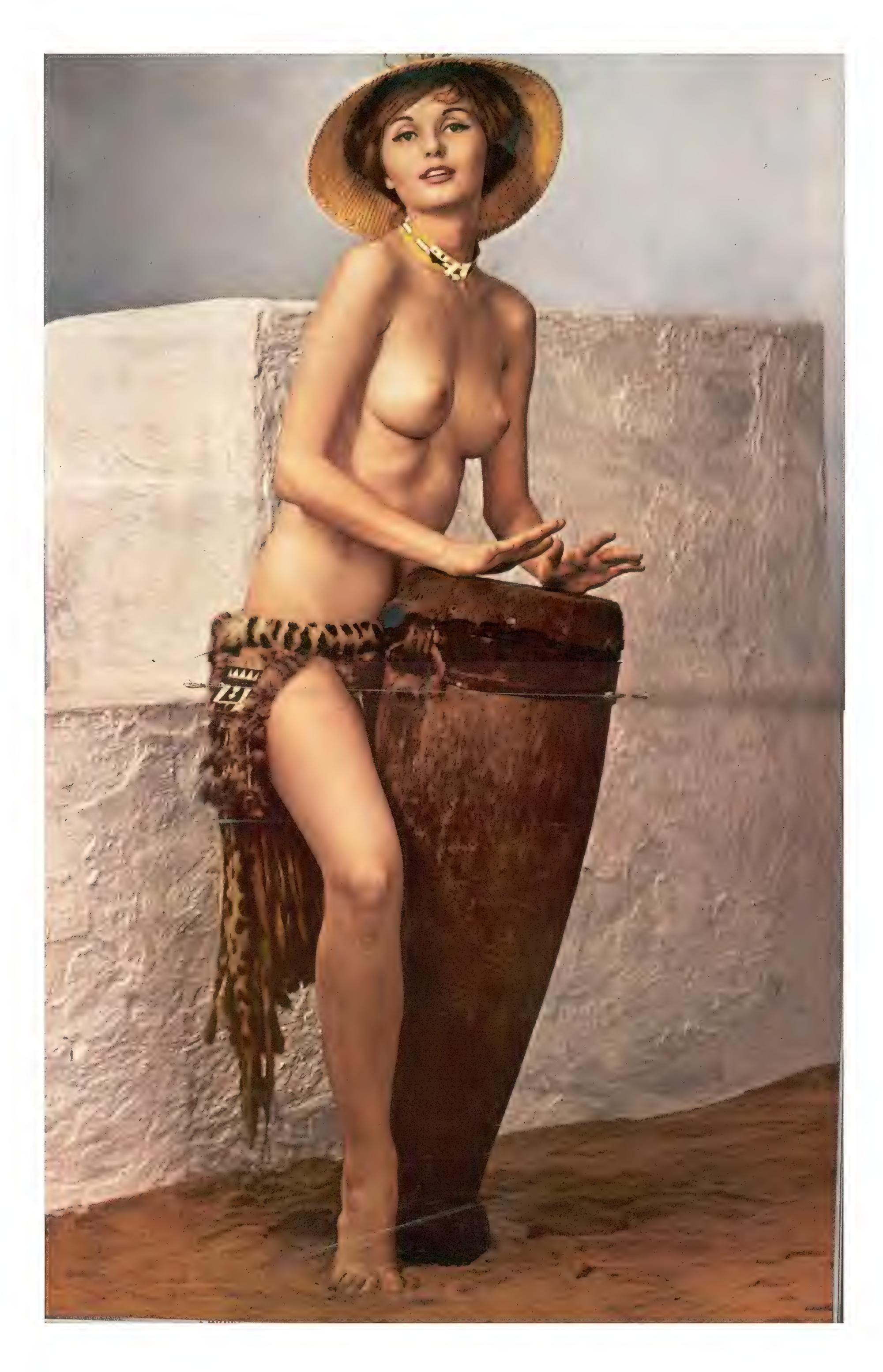




















# OCCUPATION:

JUST A HOAX? HOW COME THE SPOOK NAMED

N the evening of June 8, 1913 when several friends met for a sociable evening at the home of Mrs. Pearl Lenore Curran, in St. Louis, Mo., a series of mexplicable events occurred which still puzzle the are nine and literary worlds. These events, which one university professor called "the most amazing phenomenon of the age," began with a popular pastime of the day known as "the own a board," a game which is still played today and can be bought in many stores. The o ija board is a triangular piece of wood to which three short legs are glued, one at each coreer. This wooden triangle is placed on a coard upon which the letters of the alphaget and the words "Yes' and "No" are printed. Two persons play the game by holding their fingers lightly on the board. "Spirits from the Great Beyond" are then supposed to move the board to different letters which spell out "messages."

In milions of homes the outpuboard contributed to phrasant evenings. Those present usually asked questions of the "aperis" and the board spelled out the answers. A third

person took down the letters as they were called off and read the completed messages.

Das was the game played by Mrs. Current which, beginning on that fateful evening, was to excit and bewilder the world. Among her guesta were Mrs. Emily G. Hutchings and Mrs. Mary E. Pollard.

With Mrs. Curran and Mrs. Hutch these holding their fingers lightly on the outja board, the letters were taken down by Mrs. Pollard. They spelled out: "Many moons ago I lived, Again I come, Patience Worth my name."

When Mrs. Pollard read the mes sage aloud everyone laughed but from then on for several years this "sperit dictated several excellent novels, beautiful poems and sometimes wise-cracked and joked with those who came to watch and remained to marvel.

Patience Worth was a spirit, a ghost or whatever you choose to call it, for no scientist—and hundreds investigated this phenomenon—was ever able to explain what 'it' was This ghost amounced that she wanted to write a book and from then on,

through the onija board, dictated several novels and beautiful proma at the phenomenal rate of 110 words a manute!

When the first innouncement was made that the spir t moving the our is board was nomed Patience Worth, Mrs. Curray and Mrs. Hutchings jokingly accused Peach other of maneusering the board to spell out the message. To add to the general fun, Mrs. Hutchings, asked, "Patience, where is your liver?"

The onigs board moved swiftly from letter to letter and spelled out: Across the seal"

From then on what began as a social evering became ore of the world more with mysterics. The spirit who called herself Patience. Worth dictated regularly whenever Mrs. Curran sat with the board. The ghostly torrent of fine writing came flowing through the finger tips of a St. Louis housewife who had no literary ability whatever.

Professional writers who know what it is to write and rewrite and revise came to watch the "ghost" dictate and were utterly flabbergasted at the



PATIENCE WORTH

Edgar Lee Musters, one of America's most famous poets, made a special trip to St. Louis to watch, emerging from the session dazed To reporters who asked his opinion of this world phenomenon he said, "You bring being of fiesh and bone could do what Patience Worth is doing

Once, when a group of university professors were gathered in Mrs. Curran's living room, a professor asked the ghost (just to be sure nothing was pre-arrange it if she would write a poem on an evening sons.

Instantly, without even pausing to make her usual caustic comments, the out a board "spirit" began during to different letters while a professor jotted them down. The poem was in free verse. The actual writing of it took less than two minutes.

This was the poem the "ghost" dictated

I Listened Last Eve

I listened fast pre to the evening's song, And the music upon which it rested, caper 37 I saw two towering chiffs, between And a gaping golden space between And the sun lay like a great, glowing globs

SUCH

I pon the golden sea, and his rays Greated a lyre, stringing in distinct Couten threading from cliff to eliff And the might birds strummed it with their wings

And the sea hummed fazily beyond.

Another time, Edgar Lee Masters asked the ghost to dietate a poem on shadows. Again without even pausing to gather her thoughts, the onija board flew swiftly from letter to letter Masters himself jotted them down in their 1650 spelling. This is what Patience Worth dietated.

### Shadows

Shadows!

Little winged shadows, flitting like gray birds beneath the leaf bower. Somber shadows, beclouding shadows swept forward hlotting out the sun, Shadows, thin silver shadows, little fleck (louds, passing o'er the moon's face.

Shadows, crimson shadows, the touch of the searlet sun, lingering upon night's somber robes Shadows, purple shadows, lined delicately against the night by the silver of the moon.

POETRY?

like sliming dust upon its royal garb. Shadows, Shadows, Shadows,

Phantome? Yet I behold them.

GOOD

When it was finished Masters shook his head and said with awe. There is only one answer to that. It simply cannot be done,"

"But it has been lone," a professor of psychology commented testily

The country could not understand it. Many "authoratics" said it was a fantastic hoax-perhaps the most fantastic ever perpetrated upon mankind But the fact remained that Mrs. Curren never tried to cash in on this strange phenomenon and the worldwide publicity that accompanied it. The second outstanding fact was that the ouija board spelled words and phrases which were colloquialisms in the 1600's in that part of England where Patience said she was born and raised. Investigators who went into this aspect established definitely that the St. Louis housewife could not have known those words!

Mrs. Curran's early schooling was investigated. Every book she had ever borrowed from the public library was checked to be certain she had not secretly studied old English phraseology and spelling.

Mrs. Curran was born in Mound City, Illinois in February 1883. From earliest childhood she had been a perfectly healthy, normal gir. At no time had she ever indicated any interest in appritualism,

Once the shock of being the transmitter of supposed spirit world messages had passed, Mrs. Curran became very relaxed during the writing sessions. The only thing she felt she explained to doctors who were constantly examining her, was a slight pressure on top of her head when the poems and the wisecracks were comang through.

In the first year of investigating Patience Worth and Mrs. Curran, the sparit dictated her first novel. The Sorry Tale, in between poems and badinage with visiting celebrities. On one occasion when W P Allison, professor of English literature at the University of Manitoba was watching the weird performance, the ghost dictated a poem. The professor and several collengues d'acussed its form and beauty.

Suddenly the ourse board sprinted towards the letters and spelled out: "Tinh,

tish, thou drivelest!"

At another time, when a professor of psychology started a discussion of this Inexp.icable outpouring of literature and gave his measured opinion that eventually all could be explained accentifically, with out recourse to the supernatural. Patience spelled out: "Man, stand before God at the end of thy wisdom and bow

This deep religious feeling was evident in The Sorry Tale, a novel about Christ and his time.

When The Sorry Tale was finished the ghost started on her second novel Hope Trueblood Some psychologists were certain that it was Mrs. Curran's subconscious, but if this were so it raised an even greater riddle. Where did the subconscious get the detailed scenes and descriptions of people which subsequent research showed were accurate?

Mrs. Curran herself could not have been fam har with them. Nothing was turned up after years of investigation which indicated even a slight interest in history Some of the places the ouiga board spelled out were unknown both to Mrs. Curran and her listeners.

Then came the most startling event of all. The ghost had used words which even the most learned scholars of that period said did not exist. The men of learning chuckled and said that Mrs. Curran deliberately, or subconsciously, simply invented peculiar spellings to make the words sound old. There were no such

Other scholars were not satisfied with this explanation. From the badinage which the ghostly writer kept up with her learned investigators it was established that the spirit was born-or said she was born-in 1649 in Dursetsbure, England. She grew up a vivucious, attractive and shapely red head, full of spirit and life. She had worked, like most girls in her social stratum, on a farm and around the bouse. In her twenties, like many others to whom the New World beckoned attractively, she migrated to America. Shortly thereafter she was killed by Indians.

Since the ghost had said specifically that she had been born and raised in Dorsetshire and described the land and its people, investigators in England checked her descriptions. They also hunted for some record to show that a young woman named Patience Worth actually existed. This was never established.

Checks were also made of descriptions of Dorsetshire given by the ghost, They tallied with what the investigators found Mrs. Curran had never been to England!

Often, questions were put to the spirit which ranged the whole field of human knowledge from God and beaven to hell and such earthly matters as making a living

Once, in response to a probing question about the days when she was a girl in Dorsetshire, she said: "Well, I remember a certain church, with its wee windows and its prim walls, with its sanctity and its meekness, with its aloofness and chilling guilliness

"The good man (the minuter) denounced sin and fearsome flauntings, but walk' he squinted a whit! I had a silver buckle on my boot, and no man knew it save the good man. He looked soberly and with the soberness he turned upon the Word, at the huckle. Aye and thy handmaid sent him a wee upward look. Ave. and be rubbed his chin and coughed mightily and spat! And when the next Subbeth came be raged muchtly against burkles. And hark he looked to find the buckle after the Word. It was there, and lawk! I curtised that he should see it not.

Obviously Patience had enjoyed the situation as much as her observers in St. Louis enjoyed her telling of it

On one occasion Mrs. Hutchings asked Patience if she had ever been a bride. "Ye gods!" exclaimed the ghost through the ourse board. "Let bygones be bygones!"

This comment so delighted one woman that she leaned over and kissed her husband. Suddenly, the onina board began to move from letter to letter and the message was spelled out. "A peasant's smack."

The lady did not kiss her husband agam for the rest of the evening.

Professor Allison, who spent years studying Patience Worth and Mrs. Curran, finally said of the ghust's second novel that it was "one of the most gripping stories of English peasant life, and one of the most powerful character novels I have ever read. It is quite extraordinary

"Suppose a woman of your acquaintance who hved in your town and city for many years, and had never written a letter or news stem for a local paper, began to dictate to her husband first class poetry in quaint idiom, novels up to the George Eliot standard in modern style, to say nothing of witty or profound remarks brought out us casua, conversations with friends or visitors. What would you make of such a performance? No words or phrases in story or poem need he changed

"To me this is one of the most striking features of this mysterious business, for every writer, even the most practiced hand, knows how often he has to change words or phrases, perhaps whole sentences, before his manuscrapt is smooth enough for publication

"Patience Worth must be regarded as the outstanding phenomenon of our age, and I cannot help thinking of it."

In discussing The Sorry Tale the good professor said "No book outside the Book of books gives such an intimate picture of the earthly life of Jews and Romans in the Palestine days of our Lord.

"In one evening fifteen poems were produced in one hour and a quarter, an average of five minutes for each one. All were poured out with a speed that Tennyson or Browning could never have equalled or hoped to equal "

After some ten years of studying Mrs. Curran and the Patience Worth mystery, Walter Franklin Prince, chief investigator for the Boston Society for Psychic Research said "Either our concept of what we call the subconscious must be radically altered so as to include potentialities of which we hitherto have no knowledge, or else some cause, operating through, but not originating in, the subconscious of Mrs. Curran must be acknow-edged."

Just what produced this astonishing flow of literature, which ended as abruptly as it began, no one knows to this day. Whether ghost or spirit, subconscious or something unknown to manking is not known. But what effect these word events will have upon man's conception of many things, only the future can tell. We may well find that the concrete beliefs we cling to are nothing more than dust blown by the winds of time-the same kind of dust about which Patience Worth wrote one of her greatest poems

#### Dust

Dust, dust, dust-the mould of kings, Bits of the Orient, ashes of wise men, The clod from the foot of the fool, Dead roses, withered leaves, crumbling Palaces, men's hopes and desires, The tears of ages, and stuff of all mankind, Dust, dust, awaiting the hand of God To intermingle and resurrect Dust, dust, dust tomorrow anborn. Dust, dust-yesterday's ashes.



"As you say, intelligent men and women should try to determine their compatibility before marriage, but every night for three months...?"

# NOW THAT YOU Mention It...

A FISHY TALE OF A MOST SWINISH DECEPTION. • BY E. W. NORTHNAGEL

"You know." Earl Grouper said, "I used to be real crazy about Rose until I figured out what was, well . . ." He paused, studying the way the blood filled Vern's face. "Kind of funny about her " ¶Vern Walker leaned across the restaurant table and challenged Earl, "What the hell do you mean 'funny' about her?" The short man held up his hands in remonstrance. "Don't get your dander up, buddy. I didn't-so help mel-think you were actually serious about Rose." His heavy lips packered. "Forget it," he said, retreating to his coffee cup. "I won't for get it. Earl, damn it! I am serious about Rose, We're getting married." "No!" The tormentor's eves widened, "Well, I'll be-congratulations: I mean it, really. You can spill all the coffee you want over news like that. And all this time I thought . . ." ¶"You thought what?" 9"Well, I thought Rose . . . " He licked his lips. "I thought Rose was just another broad to you. You know, you always played the field, and so successfully too." The tell man with the sandy crew cut relaxed with a smile. "I guess you couldn't know. I proposed to her last night on the excursion boat." ¶Vern couldn't have been more wrong. Earl Grouper knew all about it, from a subway commuting acquaintance who played trumpet on the Star of Delaware on weekends The commuter told him that the ladykiller had had the band announce his engagement to Rose S.a.ghter on the Sunday moonlight cruise. The news stunned Earl. China broke in his heart, aightning flashed in his brain. Vern and Rose? Rose and Vern? No! ¶Who met Rose first, starry-eved and hopeful? Who introduced Vern, so innocently, to her, on the very first date? Didn't Vern, that lover boy, actually steal, steal' Rose, the first rosebud of his life, from h.m., his closest friend! Before Earl could hrew another curse, Vern snapped from his

lethargy and gritted his teeth. "Now what do you find so goddamn funny about my fiancee?" ¶Aw, forget it, buddy. Just a whimsey. Let's drop it and have some dessert." ¶Vern blew out his cheeks and punched the table so hard that several customers looked up from their food. "Let's not have dessert. Let's hear how Rose looks to you!" ¶"Ah, you'll get mad." ¶"I'm already mad!" Vern started to push himself out of his chair ¶"OK, OK." Earl gave in, knowing he had him right where it hurt. "The more I look at Rose,



the more she reminds me of ... well, something like a ..." He paused "Now mind you. Vern just a little like like a pig" ¶Vern's red face drained and then flushed, and he gripped the edge of the table and started to rise again. As suddenly, he dropped back in his chair and broke out laughing. ¶"For the love of Earl, you're nuts!" He reached out and slapped his shoulder. "I ought to punch you in the nose, talking that way about Rose. That's too much! A pig, huh? Too much! Prettiest gal I ever saw in my ife. You're

a clown, Earl, no kidding!" His laughter froze and his eyes seized Earl's. "Why? Why does she look like a pig to you?" The thwarted sultor was relieved that he took his bait He shrugged. "Her name, I guess. You know, Slaughter like in butcher. Ha, ha! Her face is round and pink, with a rather flattish, upturned nose, now isn't that right?" Them agreed, warily. "Cute as a bug." There eyes and mouth are real small, aren't they now?" Thainty, I'll admit." "And that tricky little walk she has. Kind of jaunty. Reminds me of



that song used to be popular—'Cincinnati Dancing Pig.' Maybe that's what gave me the idea Now don't get bugged, you asked me. I never let on before but I was keen on her myself, long before I actually met her, and maybe I bad to find fault to get her out of my system." There cast a suspicuous look at the bloated face, then shrugged He could afford to be a little understanding. Especially since he used his good looks to collect other people's girl friends "OK, maybe it did hit you hard when she turned you down. But with Rose

and me, it was love at first sight. You better watch what you say about her from now on if we're going to stay pals," he warned him. "She'll be Mrs. Walker in two months, soon's I get the store manager job." ¶As they paid for lunch and parted for their respective businesses, Vern saw the amusing side again. ¶"A pig, huh? Too much, Earl! Too much!" That evening Vern sat close to Rose in a booth at the Hofbrau, She never looked more ravishing. She had a small, voluptuous body, full of roundness held tight in a stretched wool dress that accented the smooth curve of heavy breasts and hips. He hair was bleached very blonde, lighter than his, and worn short and brushed down in jagged bangs, the way he liked it. It set off the oval sensualness of a face as blushing pink as her name implied. Because her eyes were small and far-set, she wore her brows long and slanted. Vern could hardly keep from gobbling her up. 9"You make me feel like the most beautiful girl in the world. the way you look at me, darling," Rose said, pressing closer to him. "You are," he insisted. He thought: "Pig indeed!" Resentment of his friend Grouper welled up in him. Then he rationalized that his pal was an embittered loser while he was the glorious victor. For a moment he considered telling Rose about Earl's psychotic impression, then decided not to. I"What are you thinking about?" "Nothing. Let's dance." TShe pushed into his lean body and sighed in ecstacy. Or was it a squeal? The next evening he felt a guawing worry as he watched Rose walk with mincing steps from the powder room mto the theatre lobby. That tricky little walk, Earl had said What was wrong with her walk? Not a thing! She jiggled beautifully as her high heels clacked rhythmically. Why should "Cincinnati Dancing Pig" remind Earl of her, for crying out loud? Vern sneered. What a man won't say when he's jealous! As Rose, bouncy and radiant in a pink-flowered silk dress, rame toward him he caught himself humming, almost in cadence with her short steps, "Cincinnati dancing pig . . . " "What's wrong, darling? You're looking at me so strangely." "Oh, nothing. I was just thinking. Let's have a cigarette before the feature starts." 9She sat beside him on a lobby divan and he looked at her happy face. Earl is sick, be decided. She's extraordinarrly levely. Maybe, just maybe, it's her upturned nose. Earl had mentioned that. Yes, if a man did look at her nose a certain (Turn page)

way he could possibly get the idea of a pig He snapped to his senses, angry with himself

The movie was hilarious. About hillhilles on a farm in West Virginia. The neuse shook with aughter when the family pig-pig?-tried to nudge grandma into the washtub.

When Vern took Rose home, his lips hesitated for the goodnight kiss.

"What's the matter, honey?" she asked. He looked at her eyes. They were (what was it Ear. suggested?) far set, leady, kind of pinkish. Odd. It was when she sq leared so happy that he noticed it

Squealed? Pigs squeal!

"Nothing," he anapped. "Goodnight" Cosing his eyes he pecked her cheek and left. Turning on the front step to wave he saw the nameplate. Shaughter

The cool, damp air soon sobered him, however, and while swearing an oath against Earl Grouper he hurried to his apartment and undressed. Rose's picture, waith on the dresser, arrested him "My occurrint, beautiful brade" He kissed the air in her direction. The picture occus to do nor assiste, he thought, it makes her mouth sook-monkense. He reprainabled himself. A pig doesn't have a mouth like that' He hatted Ear.

The alarm roused Vern for work. He rubbed his even and lay staring at Rosel picture. He started to throw her a kiss when the roundness of her face seemed suddenly magnified by almost coloriest has Tweet land he seen that look before? He remembered the irademark of Piggly

Waggly supermarkets.

It took all morning to shake the image. He cut his chin twice while shaving

"Rose," he told her that evening, "why don't you let your hair grow out?"

Her eyes moistened. "I thought you liked my hair this way. You used to." The tests runds her eyes shipy and red. He turned away, touche so face her.

Later, after the apologies, they cuddled up in a drive-in movie When he lit a tigarette he saw her nostrils.

"What's wrong, Vernon? You're so un-

Ashamed, he said he wasn't leeling well, and po led her close. The wonderful, warm feel of her body reassured him. She was as caddly warm and jutey as a pig. (There it goes agaio) They argued all the way home. Her eves became red beads. As he slammed the car door, he muttered, "You pig!" and left her standing at the curb.

In his rooms he studied the picture. Ear. the rotten basterd, was right. It was undenable Rose looked exactly like a fat, surveling pig. Revulsion made him shudder He slapped the picture face down and poured a stout drink. "I can't marry a pig." he protested. "I can't marry a Ciocinoat, Dancing Pig tike Rose Shughter!"

Whenever Vernon was with Rose he was uneasy But he reluctantly consented

to have Thanksgiving dinner with Rose and her family.

The dining table was elegant. Rose's radiance dispelled many of Vern's phobias for the moment and the Martinis prepared him to appreciate her. She was scated to the right of her father and he was scated to the left, and all the younger children and aunts and uncles beamed at them.

The entree was on the largest silver platter Vern had ever seen. The servant carefully lowered the platter before Mrs. Slaughter, between Rose and Vern. Then he lifted the cover with a fluurish.

Ruse let out a squeal of delight Vero, petrified, stared into the sticking eyes of

a roasted piglet.

Vern was frozen in shock, eyes wide upon the piglet, the tine Cincinnati Dancing Pig bouncing in his mind, the word pig, pig, pig drumming in his ears. He looked up at Rose and down at the platter He stared at the piglet sitting in the chair and at Rose on the platter, Rose in the chair, the pig on the platter, the pig in the chair.

"I won't marry a pig!" he shrieked. "I won't!" He snatched the carving knie from the table and lasthed out in one powerful lunge. Screams filled the room. The blade point broke off in the tabletop, just in front of Rose. The girl slumped sudeways to the floor. Mr Slaughter flung his body over the piglet and nailed Vern's arms down as the man-servant threw a hold around the young man's neck.

Vernon Walker was committed to the state asylum for the criminally insanc. Rose was under sociatives for a week, then went to a mountain cabin with her mother for a long rest. Eventually her broken heart mended and, since she really looked no more like a pig than an octopus, began seeing young men once more.

Earl Grouper heard only the statistical side of the story, that Vern went berserk at the Slaughter home and rired to stab his fiancee. He accepted the news with mixed emotions. It was too bad, of course, but there was a certain poetic justice in Vern's losing the girl he had stolen from his best friend.

The next summer Earl turned the store over to he assistant and went to the east-store to do a lot of surf fishing. He saw Rose there and, despite an aura of sadness, she was as lovely as ever He spoke to her once but she refused to discuss vern or to go out with Earl. "The past is a bucket of ashes," she said.

The day Earl saw Marilyn he forgot all about Rose. Vern, the store, everything. Her petite and tan little hody filled out vellow shorts and halter. Working at an easel she wasn't aware of Earl until he materialized beside her, even though he had just come from the rock breakwater she was punting in watercolors.

"Oh! you scared me," she said. "Get those slimy fish out of my sight." He went behind her and dropped the string of kingfish and his rod and tackie on the sand. Then he peered over her shoulder

"Well?"

"Pardon me, I'm just looking."

"You like it?" she asked, inclining her bead toward the easel

"Yes, yes, It's coming on fine. Such executing blue." It was hard for him to keep has eyes from the nape of her neck, tiny cars beneath red curls, lean bare wast.

Just a hobby, really," ahe said. "A scrious one, though. What do you do?"
"I manage a supermarket in the city

My name's Earl Grouper And yours?"
Suftness and an impish smile brightened
her face. "I'm Marnyn Skinner Pleased

her face. "I'm Marnyn Skinner Pleased to meet you Afraid I'm getting paint on your hand."

"I'll never wash this hand," he promised, "Can I take you to dinner?"

Marilya's blue eyes ran over his stocky frame and mer his plump, boyish face. "The light's not right today, anyway. All right, Earl. Providing I don't have to ride with those stinking fish."

"I hate fish, too," he' decided, harling

his catch into the surf

Loaded with pole and tauklo, casel and beach bag, he led her over the soft sand and bulkhead to his Triumph roadster it was the beginning of a romance beyond his wildest fancy

Earl and Marrlyn were sendom apart. He followed her around like a puppy and tolerated her many tantrums, her hot and cold running emotions. A mildly wealthy girl, used to getting her own selfish way, she was completely unmhibited and opinionated But it was enough that she returned his attentions.

"I love you, Marilyn, Marry me, please?"
"Yes. Earl, wes."

The wedding was set for Friday, five days away. With a few select seashore friends they'd go to Albion, in the mountains, for a simple ceremony.

Friday afternoon. Marilyn's Cadi.lac convertable, top down, was loaded; she was behind the whee. The culm.ration of Earl's dreams, the dreams of a once bitter nonentity, were coming to a climax. They sped through the intermittent sun and shade of the mountains.

"Isn't it exciting," she said. "Tell me, have you ever been in love hefore?"

He smiled to himself, the wind on his face. "No, not exactly in love I cared for a girl once but I got over it real quick."

"Do I know her? Was she nice?"
Marilyn took the barrom curves expertly
at sixty miles an hour

"'slow down, huh? Ross was nice enough. You may have seen her around the yacht club. Seems serious about Henry Riptev She's rather short, plumpish, pinklenking"

"I recall Now I'm jealous." She pre-Continued on page 59





NEVER-NEVER NUDES















The dedicated lensman does not allow his work to be disrupted by fierce Bedouth tribesmen, Yuguslav peasants, biting cold in the Itahan Alps or a peci inglored dimension fossil in Colorado. And interesting locales and unusual props are of primary importance in creating fine photos, hence, a journey to a hidden take in Mexico or to a South Sea island to find an authentic World War II oil drum are "all in a day's work" to the lensman and model. Andre de Dienes, however, is able to avoid such costly and time-consuming travel through a combination of skiliful darkroom techniques and old photos of exotic lands taken during his globetrotting days. These photos are composites, matched as to shutter speeds, f stops, time of day and film. Where does one photo end and the other begin?



### ONE FLIGHT UP TO...

### ADVERTISING. STREET CORNER HAWKING, TV GAWKING/BY GEORGE H. ECKHARDT

"Every Headache in America Will Pay You a Profit."

"Twenty million people in the United States use Aspirin for head-aches. We show you conclusively how, by a new method of merchandising, you can make a handsome profit supplying the already established demand."

If you did not wish to avail yourself of this great opportunity to make money you might sell Exploding Matches—"In Big Demand everywhere. They shoot with a Bang! just as you start to light up. Harmless. 144 boxes for \$5.00. You sell at 10¢ a box—take in \$14.40 gross. Rapid repeat-seller."

The exploding matches probably added to the headaches and thus brought about the prosperity, such as it was, of that vanishing breed—the pitchman and the medicine man—who hawked their wares on streets, on courthouse squares, in "vacant" stores and wherever there might be customers.

Actually the breed did not vanish but went up one flight—a big flight—to Madison Avenue and wealth. Instead of a little group of people gathered on a street corner, radio and television gave the modern pitchman a nation-wide audience of milions. Instead of the medicine man in a ten gallon hat who told his own jokes and provided his own entertainment to sell Indian herb cures, high priced actors are now hired. But the old, effective formula is just the same pitch with new curves.

The move from street corner to plush office took only one brief generation. Perhaps the men of Madison Avenue should revere their forebears. No one need be ashamed of his trail-blazing ancestors.

Fortunately the pitchmen and medicine men left their innermost feelings in the pages of the old "Billboard," the outdoor show paper. There they opened their hearts, and there Madison Avenue may read about its beginnings.

They were a proud and fearless crew. Editorally the old Billboard commented: "You can't make a pitchman out of an ordinary, common, everyday salesman. Not even if you add a Jim-swinger and a ten gallon hat. It takes tact, talent and guts to lam into a strange burg, pitching the article that is sold by the storekeeper opposite the courthouse, who is the mayor's son-in-law, the brother of the chief cop and first cousin of the court clerk, and make passouts regardless."

They were always right and everyone else was wrong. Success to them meant eating according to their appetites and dressing according to the weather. They were truly men of "guts, tact and talent," and philosophers as well. There were always brushes with the law in which the pitchman was usually the innocent party, at least in his version.

Joe (Fine Arts) Hanks reported from Laurel, Mississippi, about his difficulties in nearby McComb. Others had experienced trouble in Mississippi, and Fine Arts feared that he might be misunderstood. Said he: "I was going good with the merchandise until a waitress at the restaurant where I ate disappeared and somebody put out the report that I had blown with her and abandoned my wife. I was canned before I heard the report and for three days I was in the cooler without knowing what it was all about.

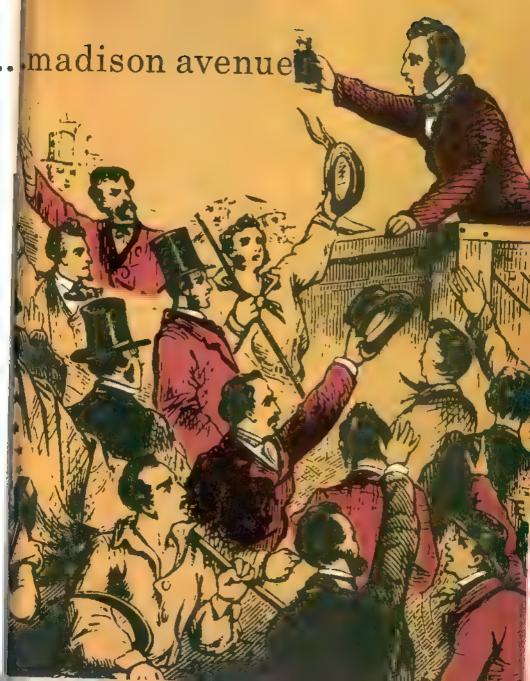
"Then I learned that the McComb County officials were planning to build a new jail and I figured I was in for a fine regardless. They seemed hell-bent to convict me. I finally picked the easiest way out. I reasoned that having made a blunder in arresting me, they "could not afford to let me go free because they would encounter a suit for damages that would drown out all hope of the new can.

"So I pleaded guilty to the charge of enticing labor from the restaurant. My advice to the boys is to lay off McComb, Mississippi, as they need money for a new jail."

Others had more pleasant experiences with the law. Wrote Ned House:

"One of the most enjoyable experiences in my young life came to me in Toledo, Ohio, last week. While I was sitting with some friends in a restaurant, a man who took Cincinnati by storm a few years ago with an electrical outfit came up and spoke (turn page)

46 caper



to our party. He was evidently under police observation for we were all taken down to the hoosegow after one of our party admitted having known the gentleman for fifteen years.

"In the jailhouse I saw a good opportunity to make a pitch. There were five or six detectives in the tip. So help me, I said a pen to the daddy of the bunch and two or three others before I got through.

I have good pena."

"New England Jack" Mutray was quite a man and announced to the knockers that he was the only man in New England "that ever drove as old-fashoned glass bearse with twenty borses attached to it." He was the first man to shake hands with William Jennings Bryan in New London, Connecticut, He lit the first lamp on Main Street, Rochester, N. Y. with a seven-day match.

Someone made the mietake of spreading a rumor that Jack was a hendsome Rome and he promptly wrote. "Tell those young women who keep writing me that I have a lot to do and can't send any more photos. I have mailed out thirty-sax in three months and cannot afford is. Will you kindly inform the flapper contingent that I am not a youth and I am carrying all the excess baggage that the law allows one man, and the one I have hes a wicked one man, and the one I have hes a wicked to her to be so and owns a burial lot. So beware of the dog, kids. Eanf said."

The medicine man was always "doctor." a title he awarded to himself, "Dr." Wilham S. Pine was arrested in Clinton, N. Y., charged with practicing medicine without a license. The "trial" was reported in the newspapers under a Clinton, N. Y., date line: "With the charges of the State health officials of practicing medicine without a license fallour flat before a jury, 'Dr.' William S. Pine, famed 'Indian herb doctor,' is again practicing 'medicine' for the multitude. And the surprising part of the affair is that the line of waiting patients is longer than ever before and many of them have to wait as long as three or four hours to obtain the advice of the Indian medicine man, and

"Pine was tried before a jury of six of his 'special' in the little basement court room of Justice of the Peace E.A. Easingwood in Clinton Town Hall, and when the juriors filed in and announced the verdict of 'not guilty' there was a burst of applause from the eighty spectators that searly shook the roof.

"From the numerous outbursts of applause during the course of the trial it was evident that the folks down thus way have a lot of faith in the healing powers

of Pine and his herba."

Dr Everglades, the Florida Mystery, had already gone south and was having his own peculiar byand of trouble. He wrote: "Closed my Big show in Orlando last Wednesday and moved over to Tempe, Florida, arriving here Thursday and set to work erecting the platform on the lot. Am having trouble about enting the light in so I won't be able to open until Monday.

"Not wanting to lose Saturday I took a couple of performers over to Tarpon Springs and worked out of the back of my ear, but didn't get much money, the pitch being apoiled just as I was turning the joint.

"The apot the chief of police assigned me to work was a darb, a nice shady corner and the junction of the two main streets of the town, surrounded on all sides by cocount pakes. I had a push of about 700 people.

"Just when I was ready to turn the joint and it looked to me like everybody in the crowd had a dollar in his hand, ready to buy, what do you think hap-

pened?

"A hig coconut fell dewn from one of the trees and crashed on the skull of a colored genlleman who had his hat off and was wiping his perspiring brow. The push was stampeded. But the colored gentleman just turned around and said, 'Who flung that sponge?'"

There were dangers in the lives of the medicine men. Zip Hilbler wrote: "Seems to me since going into the corn salve business! have been the center of attraction on teo many occasions. So I wasn't surprised when a husty guy singled me out and jetked my hat off in a crowded saloon in New Jerney.

"He threw my bonnet down, jumped on it and said, 'You're as near hell as you'll ever get without going.' He was about to give me the K.O. when a more socieble man in the party caught his arm, led me to a window, and asked me. "In there something elne to your business hesides corn medicine?"

"After I satisfied him that there wasn't by exhibiting my credentials, he told me everything was all right and insisted on

my having a social drink."

Some of these medicine men organised really great shows as elaborate in their way as the operacular television shows that were to come later Barney Rowe had some thoughts that his Madison Avenne deaceadants might well ponder over. Said Barney. "We are getting ready to launch our opry on the waves of financial properity. Expect to open our hall show about the first of November. A platform show has got to give a good program and shoot nayare if you want to gather any success on the way to the almighty dollar.

"Our company for the opera home senare will be a good entertainment. The following performers will comprise the list Dan and Certie Raymond, comedy sunging and dancing team, George Adama and Eddie Mason, knockabout song and dance; Dolly Moore and Lena Niblo, singing and dancing souhrets; Madanse LaFaire, mind reading and crystal-nance. act, Barney Rowe, the little doctor, lecturer and demonstrator

"We handle a complete list of Rewala Remedies."

Even the aquawks about commercials are nothing new No matter how good the free medicine ahow might be, there were those who complained when the time came for "a message from our sponsor."

Doe Harry F Parker, sending greetings from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, wrote: "Here is one I heard in the neighborhood. One lady asks another, "Was you to the medicine meeting the other night?" Other lady "Yes, and it is good, only that little follow comes out and brags about his medicine, and it apoda the whole business."

A few appreciated the talent and skill of the pitchmen and Madson Avenue to-day might be proud of the compliment paid them by the editor of the Daily Outerio in Canada: "Super-seleamen, that's what I call these clever chaps who sell things in the marketplace by demonstration and conversation. It's easy enough to sell folks things they think they want, but it takes a salesman to sell folks things they think they want of think they want.

Dr James Carson started a big controversy when he appointed himself to lift the business of medicine man "out of the gutter," as he put it. His great compleint was against the "big-hat people," the medicine men who were ten gallon hats. It was not long before he had the dean of medicine men, "Old Doctor" De Forest, answering him from Hot Springs, Virginia: "We work as honest as any other business or profession. That goes for preachers, doctors, lawyers and storekeepers. Mr Carson, I am with you and all other real medicine men as to working like gentlemen, being ethical and selling honest goods. I think there are more men and ladies in medicine biz selling real goods than shakeups.

"Brother Carson, it's not the cloth that makes the man. Most of the medicine men get their goods from companies that make it their business to give the best that can

be gotten.

"Here are some 'Idena' not the medicine man's: A church got small boys to set a grass fire to interfere with my business last season, and two picture theater men and a druggist got a policeman and a watchman to set off the alarm in a bank across the street from my lot at 9 p.m. When I get ready to stop working I am going to write off the many unfair tricks and unbusinesslike ideas practiced by people who don't wear the big hat."

With all their troubles the medicine near west on and up. As old Doc Milton King wrete, "I have had many a good day, many a bad day, and some that were indifferent. But as Elmer Kane says, "It's not the money thist you made that hough the flivver, it's the money you saved."



"Look, thanks a lot for helping us out at the Justice of the Peace office, but we don't need you as a witness anymore."



## WHYTHERE WILL BE NO ARTICLE ON STEAM AUTOS THIS MONTH (AN EXPLANATION BY THE EDITORS, WITH NOTES BY JIM MILDON)

We had originally scheduled for this issue a nostalgic article on steam automobiles, those wonderful old machines that once ran the length and breadth of America like fire-breathing dragons, belching steam as they devoured the miles.

Unfortunately, the entire manuscript did not arrive. We now feel that perhaps —like tax relief—it may never come.

Last January 11th, we received a query from one of our West Coast writers asking if we would be interested in an article on steam automobiles. He submitted an outline, together with a rough time-schedule which called for four days to be spent at the University of California library doing research, three days interviewing various owners of steam autos, a day rummaging through newspaper files, two or three days

on photography and two days on revision of the manuscript.

Our editorial director liked the idea, so we wrote the gentleman and told him to go ahead. We even scheduled the article, for he had been a dependable fellow in the past.

None of us could foresee the series of outrageous events that lay ahead, or the eccentricity of some steam car owners, or the delays caused by California's erratic weather.

Following are actual quotations from those portions of the article we received; these came to us air mail-special delivery, as they were written, so we could meet our deadline.

Following each quote is an account of what we now understand really happened

to the poor devil, and which explains why there will be no article on steam automobiles this month.

Quote from the article:

"Right from the beginning, steam automobiles were built for a particular breed of adventurer. The instruction booklet for 1899 Serpollet owners states, 'The motorist who cannot afford to stop for a few moments after every hundred miles and smoke a cigarette while a servant throws in a few buckets of water had better take the railway train, . . . "

The night had grown darker than the deepest hole in Mammoth Cave, and our writer was beginning to wish he had not agreed to go on this steam car rally from Los Angeles to Lone Pine. His host and driver, Henry Goodrich, had been having difficulties all afternoon with the 1911 White steamer. They had long since fallen behind the other cars.

Both men obviously were afraid to voice the suspicion that maybe—just maybe—they had taken a wrong turn. The reason for this theory was the fact they were supposed to be on heavily traveled Highway 395. They hadn't seen a car for thirty minutes; they hadn't passed a gas station or house for miles; and there was nothing illuminated on the side of the black ribbon of asphalt except joshua trees, cactus, sagebrush and an occasional startled jack-rabbit.

Finally, it happened. The White burped like a baby with gas on its tummy, gave an indignant hiss, and then quit. They were out of water.

The driver said, "One of us will have to go on ahead and bring back water. The other will guard the car."

Our writer volunteered to go. He began walking. He walked. And walked. At last, there was a blur in the darkness alongside the road. A roadsign! He peered at it in the darkness. He couldn't make out the wording. He struck a match. The sunbaked, weather-beaten sign read: "Welcome to Death Valley."

"On the West Coast alone there are over two hundred steamers still in operation. Many of them are in every day use on rural farms and ranches...."

Our writer and his photographer, Terry Shoemaker, turned off the freeway just north of Sacramento and drove down a dirt road leading to a farmhouse. Behind them, a brown curtain of dust hung lethargically in the 95° air of late afternoon.

The old farmer, who owned the 1908 Stanley Gentleman's Speedster, greeted them in the chicken yard. He posed eagerly beside his steamer, and more than once asked, "You really gonna put my pitcher and name in your magazine?"

Finally, the photographs were taken and the interview was concluded. The old man then asked if anyone would like something cold to drink, a little cider, maybe?

Terry and the writer were both anxious to get back to town and have a real drink, but they accepted—not wanting to be rude. The old man ducked into a barn, and seconds later came out with a five-gallon crock that had beads of moisture shining like diamonds. He held (turn page)

out a brimming-over dipper to Terry.

The photographer took an uninterested sip, then gulped and his eyes widened in surprise. "Good." he excus med reverently, hen downed the rest of the dipper and smacked his hips.

Our writer tasted. It was eider-harder than the rock of Gibraster, colder than glacter ice, and as smooth as fifty-yearold brandy. The dipper made its rounds again... and again..., and again.

An hour later, they all decided to go for a ride in the Stanley There were two or three minor explosions when they fired up the boilers, but they finally got the steamer going. They glided quietly, peacefully, down the dir road

When they got to the freeway, the old man went berserk.

The acceleration was similar to that experienced in a rocket. The steamer trembled as if it were preparing to blast off. They all had another dipper of older.

At 90 mph they passed a California Highway Patrol car, Behind them-just like magic—a siren began to wail and two red lights blinked merrily in the gathering disk.

As the speedometer passed the 100 mph mark, our wrater began to sober up. The old car was doing 135 mph when they passed the second police ear—passed it as though it were back mg up. The pressure gauge continued to climb.

Ten miles later, the old man began to mutter The pressure was faltering and the steamer finally began to slow down. They coasted to a stop. Behind them, the sirens walled and sounds of pursuit came obser

The old man had another dipper and grinned, "Am't she a goin' devil? Had her up to a hunnerd an' thirty onct." And then he asked our writer again. "You really going use my name in your story?"

"It'll be in the magazine," our man sald, all the while wondering if he had time to leap out of the car and hide in the bushes before the cops arrived

Just as a matter of record, it should be pointed out that the old men s name was used not only in the article, but in the newspaper accounts of the arrest and overnight jailings of all three of them by the California Highway Patrol.

"Even engineers respect and fear steam, for steam requires 1600 times the space as does the water from which it is formed. A pint of water takes up 28 cubic inches of space, vaporue it all at once and one suddenly finds themself with 46,200 cubic miches of steam, and all that steam has to go somewhere

"Proponents of the internal combastion igasoline) engine played on these fears when, shortly before World War I, they can a series of full-page advertisements showing mangled bodies of victims of steam car explosions These ads. of course, were grossly exaggerated. About the only way a car could explode was to have

someone tampering with the safety mechanisms..."

It was a bright Sunday morang; the heat of the California desert day was not yet scorehing the earth outside Indio. Road mirages raced along in front of the 1927 Doble in which our writer was riding as a passenger The wind felt delightfully cool. The car sailed peacefully, quietly, with the only sound the hum of tires on the pavement and a slight rumble from the burners. They were doing in excess of 80 mph.

Floating on a cloud must have a similar sensation, our writer thought. Nothing could mar the contentment of the day Now he knew why steam car owners were so addicted to their vehicles.

The driver tapped his pressure gauge Our writer noticed it read 900 pounds per square inch, and the needle had long since passed the red danger mark.

"This goddamn gauge ham't worked properly since we welded the safety valve shut," the driver said matter of facely "One of these days she'll blow sky high, and us along with it

"Some owners today use steam cars as they were meant to be used—for transportation. Others treat them as fragile museum pieces or heirlooms."

Over the telephone, the dowager had been suspicious of the entire affair. She had never heard of our magazine, never heard of the photographer and most certainly had never heard of our writer.

She had looked down her nose when they arrived, and her manner plainly indicated they should have gone to the servant's enteance

The garage housing her 1901 Locomobile was air conditioned with a constant humsdity and temperature. The car had not been taken out of the garage for five years. When entering, one was supposed to step rapidly through the door before the air changed. Our men were not to smoke inside the garage; they were not to run their fingers over the paint or touch any of the controls, and they should not breathe on the carmoisture, you know.

The downger and Terry went ahead while our writer made a telephone call under the watchful eye of the butler. Suddenly, from the area of the garage, they heard a shrill scream. A second later, the writer saw Terry run across the yard, his camera case banging awkwardly against his legs. The old lady was right behind him, shaking her fiat and acreaming imprecations.

She came into the house and staggered to a chair, trembling with anger She saw our writer then. "Roffsan! Imbecile! Leave my house summediately."

"But . . but . . . ," he spattered.

"Get out!" she screamed, and turned to the butler, "Andre! Call the police unless he goes at once." He left, collaring Terry outside. The photographer was pale-he looked as if he were ready to bolt-and kept grancing over his shoulder in case the old girl should come out with a shotgun.

"For crying out loud, Terry! What in bell did you do?"

The photog looked mournfully down at the ground, swallowed a couple of times, and answered in a shamed voice, "I'm soury Wasn't thinking, I guess. Force of babit."

"Well? Come on out with it Tell me."
His voice was almost insudible, "I kicked the front tire."

"There has never been an American manufactured car that even today—could complete with Abner Doble's tabulous 1925 Model F It was capable of 150 mph, was the optiony of luxury and simplicity and cost \$15.000 Equally jabulous was Doble's first car which he built out of junk parts in 1900 while he was still in his early teens. His personal diaries, which were deposited at the University of California Bancrott Library earlier this year, sell of the thrill of that creation.

The University of California at Berkeley is an awesome place. It orawls up the side of a hill like a centipede. There was no much learning there that our writer felt be had to fortify himself before entering its dense, scholarly atmosphere.

That was his first mistake. To assist in copying notes from the diaries, he "fortied" himself with a well-stacked little shorthand expert, a vivacious brunctte who could take 150 words per minute and who—over lunch—seemed eager to prove she could take Martinia at the same speed.

Penetrating the Library at the University of California is similar to entering a cave. On the outgide there are a great many comely co-eds? all showing lots of leg, all summing themselves and chattering away like happy red birds. The further one goes into the library, the quieter and darker it becomes and the more cautiously one walks. Finally, at the nucleus of all these books and quietiess, one comes to a door marked. Bancroft Addition. Admittance limited to graduate students and professors.

One feels as though he is about to enter a cathedral.

But it is not that easy First, permission must be granted Our writer speaks to an assistant curator, and is told the staff will be happy to assist in any way they can

By the way, our man says, there is an editorial assistant who will be taking notes in shorthand.

He looks around. The secretary is no longer beside him She is elsewhere. Soon she comes back with the hiccups and a laughing jag. "The cutest little of football player" has just told her a dirty joke which she now trees to explain to the horrified curator. She breathes in the (Continued on page 59).



shingled cottage of Old Man Eaton, His boats were pulled up on the beach back of the house.

Occasionally Peter, who was sitting in the stern, would guide David by saying, "A little to the right,-left our-," and David would crane his neck to see for himself. then set himself once more to long, regular strokes, trying to make each one count, setting his feet hard against the hottom of the boat. He was tired and cold and wanted to make the half-mile across the pond pass as quickly as possible. He was thankful for the breeze which pushed them along. Only when an our slipped out of the lock was their progress interrupted. Then the bost would swing around and David would fit the shaft back in place, cursing Old Man Eaton for his light oars. With many short hard digs of the oar he would put the boat back on course and begin the routine of rowing again.

It was about seven in the evening and the mid-June sun hung on the top of a low-lying cloudbank which was beginning to redden with the sunset. Orange light filtered through and backlighted the pines in the direction of the aun. But in the eastern sky, it could have been morning. The sky steelf was a light blue and the summer clouds seemed unconnected with the fading day. Under the sky, the only color anaffected by the sun was the mineral blue of the water, which seemed faintly evil to David as it struck in little wind blown waves against the boat. It occurred to him that it was the same shade as the water in quarries, of uniform blue, blank and hard, concenling unknowable death

David followed one stroke with another They were half way across the pond. Suddealy in the midst of a stroke, his braced feet slipped on the sandy hottom of the boat and, overbalanced by the exertion of the stroke, he fell over flat on his back in the bottom of the boat, laughing, half in embarrassment and half at his findicrous action. He say there, weak with cold and the surprise of his fall. He noticed that one of the ours had come out of the lock and was floating in the blue water, the boat drifting away from it. Still laughing, for it seemed very amusing to him be said to Peter, "Look, I lost an oar!"

Peter looked at him without much expression on his face and said, "You lost both of them."

David clambered up, his amusement gone He felt a helpsessness that he could not comprehend. He and Peter watched the distance between boat and oars gradnaily widen They looked at each other David still had formed no opinion of what should be done. Peter said, "Say, how about you going over for them. You've got trunks on or I would, honest"

"Oh, that's O K." Buyid accepted Peter's solution to the problem almost gratefully and began removing his sweater and

aneakers. Then be stepped up on the stern of the boat and looked at the water a moment. Its pale blue-green anconcern began to fill him with apprehension but before he let this feeling grow stronger, he dived off the end of the boat. The water felt luke-warm to his body. He had an impression of carrying quantities of gray air into the water with him as his shallow dive interrupted the pattern of the surface He began swimming on his side, his face out of the water but his body completely enfolded by it. He soon came to one our and then to the other. They were as light as streks and he grasped the ends of both in one hand and side-stroked, using his lower arm to swim. He had learned this in the Navy, holding a dummy rifle aloft with one hand. Sometimes since then he had swum with one arm beld straight up in the air to make himself feel more versatile and independent in the water. He looked for the boat. It was drifting further away from him and he saw Peter standing up watching him. He swam a few more strokes and then realized with terror that he was tared. He tred water and brought the ours in close to his chest, greeped them in the middle and tested their buoyancy. They yielded beneath his pressure and would give him no support. He felt betrayed, Inadequate in the bont, the ours were useless to him now. Peter called out to ask him how he was doing. David awam and said nothing. Suddenly he shouted, "Come and help me!"

Peter began taking off his aweater and David tried to swim with the ones. He made the motions of swimming but be seemed to stay in the same place. Suddealy be felt as if he were going to sink, and water got into his mouth and nose.

"Hurry!" be shouted and he could see Peter standing on one foot, the other leg bent up as he took off a shoe. He seemed to be moving very deliberately. David thought of Navy swimming instructors who would appear unconcerned when a man thought he was drowning and would let him flounder around to develop his self confidence, while actually watching closely lest the man really be in trouble-

Damn him! David thought, He thinks I'm faking! But the thought that Peter was undressing leasurely to order to test him calmed David and be began to swum more steadily But by the time Peter swaps up to him he knew he was tred again and ahandoned the oars. Peter swam beside him, trailing the oars from one hand, Then be said, "Here, you take one, this is the first time I've been in this year."

David could see that Peter was the better swimmer but he took one of the oars. Peter said, "We'll never make the boat now. It's drifting faster then we can

awam."

"Forget the ours-let's just get to shore." Peter began to move away from David toward the shore. He was a strong swim-

mer David's arms and less felt heavy and stiff. His movements now were only the suggestion of a sidestroke.

The breeze, which had died down as if to observe the incident, now seemed to feel that the action had grown too static and came up again, blowing little waves against David's face. He gasped and drew in water Although his head was completely above the surface he felt submerged. He shouted to Peter, "Save me!" but he knew that Peter was too far away now and he heard Peter's voice across the water "I can't help you!" and something more which he could not hear. He knew he was going to sink. He was indignant at the thought of drowning He could not But then he know that he could and he visualized his body far below the surface of the blue water, completely still except so the currents moved it. And he thought of how many people had lived to grow old and how many had become great without ever being helplem like this, never having been put at such a disadvantage by Nature in their entire lives. He realized what a crafty game it was to avoid such terrible consequences so innocently come by And then he sank. He simply went down and he had no air and he had to get up again He thrashed frantically with his arms and legs. He was way under and all his trashing barely got his mouth out of water when he knew it should have sent him about and shoulders above the surface. He got a mouthful of air and held his breath as he felt himself going down again. He made awimming motions and gradually came to the surface. He took in air only a mouthful at a time and would hold onto that mouthful until the time came to take another. Then he hear Peter shouting, "Help!" He knew at was for him and he saw shore, the few houses around the edge of the pond and realized that it would , never occur to enyone to look out at the pond because everything was so quiet and no one could imagine what was happening,

He thought pernaps he could float and rest but when he half-turned to get on his back, he felt as if he were on the top of a long meline and would side all the way to the bottom so he made short, feeble strokes, looking at the shore and wondering how he could ever swim that far Then be looked up at the sky and saw the clouds, and thought, How serene they are! How can such a difference exist between their serenity and my desperation? Only a God could account for such unlikeness. God, give me serenity! And he stared up at the clouds as he swam, fastening his eyes on them. He held onto each miserly breath and when the thought came that it was impossible for him to swim any more, he kept moving his arms and legs in the same way. Even breathing became such a conscious and exhausting effort that he restricted each exhalation in a sort of

(Continued on page 60)

"Dear Sandra..."













Twenty year old Sandra appears to have a gift for bringing broken hearts to heal, devising strategy in the battle of the sexes and taking the chore of or amo, there personal love (fe? Well after the letters have been read and answered and the next day's column planned she has very (title time for anything that might be called romance. Sandra siting the down and write yourself a letter









ibrarian's face, he blanches and looks sturned

Under the circumstances, it is decided that perhaps our writer should forget reading Dobble's diarnes today and try again later. It takes character references and letters from the Dean of Claremont Graduate School, a state senator, three ministers and our editorial director before be as permitted to re-enter the hallowed balls. This time, alone.

"For those who want to view a real cross section of steamers, the best place to go is Harrah's Museum in Reno, vevada Bill Harrah takes almost as much pride in his half-dozen antique steam automobiles as he does in his plush gambling

and night clubs

To reach Harrah's Museum in Reno, one has to cross Donner Pass, as area where twenty-foot snowfalls are not uncommon during the winter. The highway is frequently closed due to high winds and blizzard conditions.

Our writer had sent us a letter in which he stated he was "leaving on February ist for Reno to photograph some bikineclad loveless firing up one of Harrah's steamers."

This trip was aborted when the highway was lift by a blizzard. Two more ettempts were made to cross the summit between California and Nevada. Each time the wider was forced back by the weather.

Ther we reveived a letter from him which stated, "I'm going to make one more try". Accompanying this missive was a picture showing the writer driesed in Arcie aurival clothes, together with his abviously druck photographer and a monstrous St. Hernard dog with a flack around its neck-all piled into a tiny MG along with skla, show shoes and a pot-bellied store.

The telephone call-collect-came from a place called Elks' Crossing, California "Listen." the writer said. "we took a wrong turn somewhere at 8,000 feet near the summit. We're trapped, and the owner

of this joint says they're isolated sometimes for thirty or forty days during the winter Ask the Army to send a helicopter We're at a place called Mother Grunski's Tamale Parlor." His voice lowered to a whisper, "I think it's a bawdy bouse."

The Army could do nothing, we so informed the writer the next time he called collect. He was frantic. "You've got to send belp. Mother Grunski has taken a liking to me. She's threatening to cut off our credit unless I'm 'nice' to her." He went on to say that their MC was now huried under ten feet of snow.

Well, the mow continued to fall. The collect calls continued to come, and the writer's voice grew more hysterical with each passing day. From him we learned that Mother Grunski weighed 220 pounds, the St. Bernard, by some incredible feat of dexterity, had violated Mother Grunski's Pekinese: the old lady had a mustache, her long-dormant amorous instincts and hormones had been activated into a white but frenzy hy the writer's arrival. And finally, we learned Mother Grunski had given an ultimatium-"Sweetie, you're going to put out-or get out!" There was as we understood some twenty-five feet of snow on the ground at the time

The situation worsened rapidly during the next two days. The St. Bernard hit he writer; a new blizzard was on the way, the old girl cut off their food supply and told them they could starve for all she cared. Even more horrible, bowever, the photographer was overheard telling Mother Crunski that the writer was really quite fund of her, "But the boy's just bashful that's ull." This betrayal was a desperate ruse to get Mother Grunski to unlock the liquor cabinet. It worked.

Back on the East Cosst, word of our writer's predicament got around to the other publications here in New York Every editorial department on Fifth Avenue's magazine row awaited the latest episode as breathlessly as a bousewife

tuning in to see "Edge of Night" on TV

Compounding our own misery was the fact that we were rapidly approaching deadline for this issue. We had to have the rest of the article' And our pusiness manager was not happy about the collect long distance telephone bill which by now had assumed some of the characteristics of the national debt. There was, a jokester from another magazine suggested, only one way we could ever justify all of the calls. "Have your writer send in a humorous article, 'I was Trapped for Thirty Days in a Bawdy House'."

Abruptly, then ommously, our telephone fell silent. Two days passed without any word from our writer..., three days..., four days. Finally we could stand the suspense no longer. We placed a call to hum. Mother Crunski, in person, answered, the phone. Her whiskey baritions voice purred over the wires, "The poor dear as upstairs elections, Such a sweet boy, He's been working very hard." She giggled, and sighed repturously

The following day a new blizzard hit the area, this time the telephone lines went down. It was two months later, on April 24th to be exact, before the snow-plows roared through to Elke' Crossing and Mother Grunski's Tamale Parlor

Our ulcers have been acting up ever since, for to this day we have never heard from the writer again. We haven't the slightest idea of what happened up there on lonely Donner Pass during that long and terrible isolation when our man was surrounded by treachery on one side and 220 pounds of throhining middle-aged passion on the other Ail we know is that our pleading etters and telegrams to the writer have come back stamped "RE-FUSED." He will not speak to us over the Yelephone

A mutual friend informs us that the writer now sells shoes for a living and blames everything that happened to him on the editors of this magazine.

So, that's why there will not be a mostalgic article on steam automobiles in our magazine this month.

#### Mention it (Continued from page 42)

tended to pout, pushing harder on the accelerator.

"You needn't be She reminded me of a pig. I got so I couldn't stand the sight of her."

"A p.g? How curious."

"Yes, you know how a person can bear such a striking resemblence to an animal?"

Marilyn cast a look at Earl and then lurned her eves to the loghway. "I never the ught of it that way but, now that you mention it, yes, she does, doesn't she? Oh, what a norr-be thought! I hope I don't remand you've a pig, or a beetle, or anything."

He threw his head back in laughter.

"Not a chance." He moved his face close to her profile. "You look just like my beautiful Mrs. Grouper."

"Mrs. Grouper," she smiled, musing, irving to concentrate on the curving road as the convertible weaved left and right "Mrs. Grouper? That name-it will take getting used to it reminds me of ..."

Marilya took her eyes from the road and glanced quickly at Earl's adoring face, snapping them back just in time to take the next curve.

"Better watch it, darling," Earl said. She wasn't listening. A worry suddenly crossed her mind. As she came out of the curve at the top of the hill and barrelled down to a sharper one, she glanced back at the face of the man she planned to marry and was aghast.

"What's the matter, daring?"

Her eyes were riveted to his face. "That name," she stammered. "Grouper Those hulging eyes, those thick lips, yourvour fluid skin, your..." She pushed, recoiling, against the door, her full weight down on the accelerator as Earl stared at the sharp curve coming up fast on them and tried to wreat the wheel from her

"Don't touch me" she screamed "Don't touch me, you . . you slimv fish!"

"Watch out, you fool. Let go," Ear. Grouper cried, fighting her lists and clawing nails, as the car careened over the ledge. paper art. Other companies reproduce Vargas calendars, playing cards and napkins.

Among the nation's many cheesecake photographers perhaps the one who has done the most to atimulate the constry's appetite for photographic cheesecake is Peter Gowland. After a stint in the Army during World War II, Gowland opened a studio in Los Angeles and began photographing Hollywood glassour girls. He and he wife, Alice, work as a team. Believe it or not, Ance actually relieves the fact that her husband specualizes in cheesecake rather than some other type of photography.

Explained Alice "I'd have to work harder if he was a fashion photographer And then, I like the models we work with and enjoy working with them. Most of them

are very friendly '

Says Gowland. "I'd like the prestipe of being a fashion photographer, I guess, but it would go against all my grain. A guy who likes fashion photography is more interested in clothes than the girl. I don't feel that way about it.

"The girle who work out heat are these that ate so beautiful that they almost cause a shock when they walk met the studie," he says. "They're almost himding. I have to judge the girl at that first instant. After a few minutes, when you've started talking to these, they all start looking beautiful,

"A girl's face is need important. A greed figure is really secondary. You can shoost fake one with posing, lighting and padding. A good model should be able to handle berself and has to be a little hit of an extrovert."

Another world - renowned Hollywood cheesecake photographer is mild-mannered, soft-spoken Keith Bernard, Because of his incomparable reputation in the glamour photography field, a steady stream of girls flock to his studio on Susset Boalevard and ask him for a sitting.

"I have to turn down about musty per cent of the girls who want me to photegraph them," Keith told me, "because they don't measure up to my standards." Glamour girla who have measured up to Bernard's exacting standards include Jayne Manafield, Mamie Van Doren, Hedy Lanaar, Jane Russell and Zua Zua Gubor

Surprisingly, however, the girl whose puctures he has sold more often than any other has ever been in a movie. She is Betty Brosner, probably the most popular panup model in the country today.

"Betty Brosser is one of the leveliest girls I ever photographed," Bernard said.
"The furmy part of it is that I came close to refusing to use her because I thought she was too plans looking.

"The first time she walked into my affice in 1955 I wasn't the least supressed. She was wearing a loose-fitting dress, horn-rimmed glasses, and had her hair tied up in a bun. I told her I couldn't do her. Then she showed me her photograph album—and I changed my mind immediately. I could hardly believe the pictures of the girl in the album were of the girl in the album were of the girl in the arbum her of the girl standing in my office. I broke all my appointments for the next day so I could photograph her.

Earl Loaf je mucher Hollywood glamour photographer who has been a prolific creator of cheescake. Leaf's interest in photography started the day he was walking down Sixth Avenue in New York City and aported a sign that read: NUDE MODEL CLASSES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. He bought a camera as a drugstore and went to class.

"Then and there I decided to become a photographer," Earl said. "I began to hire my swn models to come to my bouse at night. Pretty soon I was selting some of the figure studies. Then I went so far as to put some clothes on the girl and started shooting cheesceake. After a while I was earning as much money with my girl pictures as I was at my regular newspaper job."

Louf advices startlets to bare all when they have their pictures taken.

"Nothing risqué, nothing gained," he quipped. "Cheescuke is the staff of life to a young actress. I hever met a fatmous and successful actress who was ashamed of her cheescuke era. But I have talked to many a star-struck flop who couldn't be conned into checaecake because 'it might burt my career.' "

Claneour photographers like Cowland, Bernard and Leaf never had it so good, thunks to the advent of the "grite" magames.

Never before in the history of the magamae business have the newsstands been so dooded with them. A conservative estimate of the number of girlse publications on the market today would be around seventyfeve-mot unduding, of course, the regular men's adventure magazines and the socalled art study and nudist books. The common denominator of all the grile magazines, of course, is the femane torso—and it's proved to be a sure-fire successfoormula.

For example, one day not long age, a distributor left one hundred copies of a new same of a girle magazine on a Hollywood newsstand. Thirty minutes later every single copy had been sold!

"It was absolutely measing," said the owner "I've never seen a magazine sell so fast in the thirty years I've been here. No sooner had the distribute left the bundle when a crowd of men suddenly converged on it, took one look at the cover, and began grabbing copees like mad. It was like a bunch of sharks smelling fresh meat."

The foregoing incident is by no resumunique newsdays. Newsstand agents all over the country are experiencing the same big domand.

A newsdealer in San Francisco says:

"I give the girle magazines front billing because they're selling a lmost as fast as I can put them on the racks. If you come into my shop around moon you'll find auch a large crowd of seen thumbing through them that you won't even be able to get a peck at Life by The Saturday Evening Post."

Thinks to the girlie magazine publishers, choosecake connessure never had it so good. Appreciation should also be expressed to the obliging ledies.

Fortunately, it is extremely doubtful that choesecake will ever be spoiled by overexposure. As Mack Semett once observed: "Sex is never unpopular."

#### Two Ages of Man (Continued from page 54)

groun, using his larynx as a gate through which each breath was reluctantly passed.

He thought of nothing but a breath in, a breath out, and awimming, swimming, never thinking of when he could step, feeling himself pressed between air and water with the air a weight on him and the water making room for him below. He dared not think of the time when he would put his feet down and find something to rest on.

Then he turned his face and any Peter, standing on the above, only a little way

away, looking at him calmly, standing with his hair plastered down and his dark blue corduroys chinging wetly to his legs. David swam five or aix strokes more and then put his feet down. He felt sand and stopped swimming. He stood up and the water only came a little above his knees. He could not stand erect but walked, his body falling into each step, to the yardwide heach. His hreath came out in grouns. He stood and reterbed, his hands on his knees, his stomach contracted in horrer and relief. But his stomach was empty

and sething came. He trembled and shrered and his breath continued to come out in grouss as he walked, bent over, and them retched again. Peter walked alowly behind him as they came to the boat, which had drifted in ahead of them. Peter caught the bew of the boat, pulled it up on the beach and threw the auchor into the bushes. David got his sweater out of the boat and struggled into it, shivering and groasing. Peter teok the fishing tackle from the boat and said, "Why don't you quit that noise? I'm celd too." David looked at him and they both walked to the care.

I want you to feel free with me. I have come to feel so close to you."

He coughed needlessly and fiddled with his drink Emotionality made him uncomfortaine and he could not look at her Buthe was right. He was safe here and it was stupid to continue his caution.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I promise it will be different. I mean, it will be different

tonight "

After so many evenings of Mexican culsine, they tried a French restaurant, which was very good, though perhaps it only seemed so because they had expected so little. She talked of her husband, a G.I she had married in 1946, a handsome young Italian American who had died three years after taking her to the States. He had left her a little money, what used to he called a modest competence, and with it she had founded a small hat shop on 59th Street in New York, She had worked terribly hard and this was the first real, the first long, vacation she had per mitted herself. Les vercences, she said, laughing a little, were very important to the French. He said he knew.

After dinner they went to a alghtclub, which offered the inexcapable group of guitar-playing singers, this time four of them, all dramatically overemotional, led by one of those saccharine Mexican tenors

They were near his hotel and decided to walk there. They walked up the Passa de la Reforms, which was semething like a Champa Elysées with palm trees. She took his hand, It stirred him He was beginning to understand how light and tired he was maide; if he were beginning a new life, he would have to fight that the past was dead, he could never go bosse, and the time had come to chanse.

"Marie Antomette," he said awkwardly, like an adolescent, "why do you like me?"

"Because..." She paused. "Because you are strong but very kind; because you do not talk too much and when you do salk it isn't foorsahness, because you listen to what is said to you and therefore make a woman fee. like a person instead of a servant who is just supposed to listen, and because you are very handsome."

"I see." He wanted to hiss her, but he was certainly not free enough for that, not free enough to kiss her here on the Passa

de la Reforma.

"When are you going back to New York?" he asked.

"At the end of next week."

"Marie, if I start a business here, would you would you consider staying ""

"We will talk about it."

Two Indian women wrapped in blankets approached them. Each carried a child and one led another child by the hand. All of them had here feet, and the feet were dirty Their hibds were extended. He have Marie past them. Powerty made him

aquirm. When they were a block past the Indian women, he paused, bent, and put his hand flat on the sudewalk. He turned and hurried to catch the women; he pressed a five dollar bill uto the hand of one of them.

"Why did you do that?"

"Because it's chilly tonight and the aidewalk is cold and I couldn't bear to think of their bare feet on it."

He had champagne sent to his room. They kissed and talked and drank and she made him laugh a few times, but more often amile.

When he took off his jacket, she looked at the Luger and said: "There are no angry ex-husbands here, so why do you still wear it?"

He shrugged "Habit."

"May I look at it?"

He heatested. "Yes, all right." He headed it to her. "Be careful, it's loaded."

She looked it over, then shuddered. "It's ugly," she sard, giving it back to hum He looked at fit, faintly peralled, it was a beautiful piece of precision machinery. He put it back in the shoulder holster and placed it on the dresser. She nat down beside him on the bed and kneed him, then began to undress, pausing to sip her champagne and talk. She was cheerful all the lime, bright and loquacious, though eventually the stream of chatter broke up into separated phrases and then to single words, trashing off, at has to sighing.

"I like you very much, Marie Antoinette," he said as they lay quietly. He touched her hand, then held it, realizing how lonely he had been and how long he had been lonely. Then he went to aleco-

Later he realized he must have been asleep about twenty minutes when he felt momething. He awoke without opening he eyes and, lying still, knew she was goes from the hed. Flipping onto his back and shrowing the covers away from his naked self, he looked up the mostril of the Lager pointed at his head.

"Don't move," she said quietly She was also naked and he wondered why, though immediately it was obvious: she had not wanted to take the chance of movement

"My friend in Detroit?" he asked.

"Yes. I'm really quite sorry about this, John. I wish you hadn't awakened, You never would have known."

"May I ask a couple of questions first?"

She hesitated. "All right. If you don't take too long."

"Why you?"
"Why not me?" She straightened pradefully. "Women are getting into all sorts of work nowadays. It was decided that only a woman could do it, because you would have to be undressed. Nobody could do it while you were carrying your gun."

"Or even able to get to it," he said, more to himself than to her "That's why you wanted me to go to sleep with you I see." He was quite calm Either this was it, after all these years, or it wasn't And excrtement would make things no easier

"Can't I talk you out of this?" he said.
"You said you like me, and I believe you do."

"I do. But I'm a working girl with two children to put through school. And you can't let your personal feelings interfere with your business judgment"

"I can give you money Stay with me. Send for your children."

'Money, yes. Security, no. You're a bunted man, John. If I came with you they would be hunting for me too. No, I'm afraid I have to make my own way in the world, and you are a very important contract for me I'm proving something, I'm proving there are some jobs as woman can do even better than a man. If I do a good job, it will open up a lot of new work for me. You can see that, can't you?"

He thought it over, Logic was definitely

on her side. He chuckled faintly This was certainly the age of the equality of the female. "Well," he said, sighing, "I suppose I'd better say good-bye."

The flight was amount. They were over clouds, a serene rolling pasture of clouds out of which were thrust the conteal blue peaks of two volcances. Somewhere below was Nicaragua. Somewhere shead were several revolutions that would offer employment and obscurity.

He was sorry about the whole thing. It was not only the personal inconventencenow that the Mexican police were among those who were curious about him, he had had to change his name again and go to the expense of getting another illicit passport, and all that sort of annoying thingbut because of what he felt to be his accelerating moral decay. Now he was going to work for some government, or some group trying to become the government, which amounted to the same thing he was joining the growing ranks of people who functioned occuliatically. It was very distanteful, but it seemed like the most sensible course for the present.

But more disturbing was the fact that he had let his personal and professional life become entangled He felt terrible about it, remembering bow she was thrown back by the abot, remembering her disfigurement, remembering her branes and bits of skull and hair stuck to the big-flowered wallpaper, remembering her branes and bots of skull and hair stuck to the big-flowered wallpaper, remembering he branes body lying in that awkward position, instantly sapped of life and all power to give or receive pleasure. It was unifortunate for her that she had not known about his sentimental attachment to the Webley It had been in his suitease on a chair, inches from his hand.

Finally, most upsetting of all, was the fact of having killed a woman. It was really dreadful. Now he was no better than a common General.



MY BROTHER BILL by John Faulkner, (Trident Press, \$4.95)

This pleasant isklifully written reminiscence will serve two purposes. The first, as a book to read as one would read a fine nove the second, as a source book for hints of the early familia, and environmental influences that formed the life and, in turn, the work of one of the world's great literary art sta. It is fortunate that there was more than one fine writer in the Faulkner family, for William's younger brother John, a novel at himself, has left for scholars and biographers an nya vable aid for the piecing-together of the human enigma that was William Faulkner. But in the first half of this family biography he is merely "brother Bilt"—an Amoican boy growing up in Mississippi-painting his playhouse. the chickens, his two brothers and himself with bright red paint building a toy steam engine, "persuading" brothers John and Jack to loan him their fifty-cent allowances, falling n love (at age fourteen or so) with Estelle Oldham, who was to become his wife many years later. Faulknez's early youth and manhood unfolds gradually-he is high school athlete. Roya Canad an Air Force cadet, Scoutmuster, occasional heavy drinker. There are only glimpses, in the latter part of the book, of W ham Faulkner, the sensitive, world-famous gen us who mourned the destruction of the great Southern w derness he had loved as a boy, who could not resolve the conflict between his affection for the South, his deep feeings of humanity and Mississippi's maltrealment of Negroes. and who feared the gradual decline of his literary powers John Faulkner, who died just one year after William, has writ ten a book that would have pleased "brother Bill

HOW DRY WE WERE, Prohibition Revisited by Henry Lee (Prentice-Hall Inc., \$4.95)

This is a book which should be placed, as the Gideon Bible is in hotel rooms, at the corner of every bar in the land to remind us of what we have now (have another) and of how close we came to losing it. Henry Lee, mild-mannered in porter for a great metropolitan newspaper (The New York Daily News), and a patent Wel, has written a telling account of the four! that failed the story of Prohibitionism, Prohibition and the un-Prohib ted Mr. Lee writes in clear terse style and fortunately resists the temptation to descend into cuteness and to treat the era as a sort of happy, slapstick joke. It was not at all a toke. It was America's first and only descent into total tananism, complete with the accompanying ev a of trigger-happy "agents," cruel and unusual pun-shments and the undermining of public morality. Mr. Lee depures the ap rit of intolerant zeal" that caused Prohibi tion which is only proper, in several scathing chapters, but when he turns to his discussion of the other kind of spirits (that ne'er would be scotched) and their multifarious per veyance, he really hits his stride. For the people must be served-never mind with what-and the ways in which Ameri can ingenuity grappled with the odious drought are intoxi cating to behold. There were the iron men in wooden ships who day and night braved Coast Guards and perilous seas to lubricate the land. Mr. Lee gives two well-deserved chapters to this I it a band. There were the bathtub chemists, the grape bricks i' do not add water, or let stand for twenty-one days after adding yeast, shaking daily, or you will get wine, which is if egal?) the irrepressible moonshiners and the gangsters, which last group the author points out, was necessarily the section of the control of ther romantic nor funny. The book includes some great vintage photos of the American Gothica among the Drys. A wonnerful (sic) shtory (hic)

CITY OF NIGHT by John Rechy, (Grove Press \$5.95)

John Rechy's book came along at precisely the right time America's fascination with all twenty-eight flavors of sex can almost be classed as a perversion, and what could be more perversely appealing than this clinically detailed narrative about the lives and loves of a colection of big-city fags, fairties, drag queens, hippies, of the piece and Skippies queer cops, musclemen and a species that Rechy insists on calling "youngmen." (Printer, that's oneword) The jacket blurb defines a "youngman" as a make hugter.

blurb defines a "youngman" as a male hual or "City of Night" is the maids story of the male prostitute—many of whom, according to the first-person narrator, a "youngman" himself, are not homosexuals at all, they an gage in homosexual acts only for cash never for pleasure. Some, say the hero, even have relationships with girls.

The reader is escorted through the homosexual haunts of Times Square in New York, the French Quarter of New Orleans, Pershing Square in Les Angeles, and Holywood.

The atmosphere and dialogue (and there is piently of the latter) are authentic and raw, characterizations though often aketchy, are sometimes poignant or hillarious, with the quality of the writing ranging from tedicus to highly effective.

The worst that can be said about "City of hight is that Rechy has not made the most of what is undoubledly good material. Oh wall, Gomorah is another day

THE PLEASURES OF JAPANESE COOKING by Heiha chi Tanaka with Betty A. Nicholas, (Prentice-Hall, \$4.95)

This is a very good book for people who don't I ke Japanese food or for those who have never sampled it. It manages in a charming and altogether Japanese way to squeich the quivers most Westerners experience at the mention of raw fish or curdled bean paste. Mr. Tanaka, chief chaf for yapan Air Lines, has avoided writing a "mystical" type of cookbook, the kind that advises you to "add a seupon of A sa tian truffles exposed for ten minutes to the dark of the moon," and so forth. The author maintains that Japanese cooking is in fact easier than the Western variety and proves it in a series of recipes simple enough for any Foreign Devil to follow. (Credit is no doubt due to Betty Nicholas, who transformed the recipes to American specifications and perhaps eliminated much mystics. Japanese syntax) Almost all of the recipes will appeal to Western palates, a pleasant feature which must come from Mr. Tanaka's experience in feeding JAL-borne Yankeas, a ready slightly giddy, with chunks of actops only ately deceasedand making them like it. The book also contains several chapters on Japanese eating customs. These are invaluable for men with working wives who have severa hours to ki before the food arrives. There's another good reason for eating Japanese Japan has a lot less food than the United States and twenty conturies of enforced dieting has taught the Japanese how to make a few calories go a long way. Mr Tanaka points out (but most courteously) that overweight Americans might drop some curd by switching to sukiyaki. We might add that for bache ors whose home cooking is accidental-occidental the simply made Japanese meals are a real boon. One minor cavit, there are no menus so we never learn if serving tsukedeni with adamshi-mashist an unpardonable breach of manners



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## \*We're looking for people who like to draw

YOU LIKE to draw, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to belp you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist.

Some time ago, we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did. Some were unsure of their talent, Others just couldn't get topnoich prolessional art training without teaving home or giving up their jobs.

#### A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secreis which we ourselves learned through long, successful experience.

Illustrating this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, we organized a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting ... leaous that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time. We then perfected a very personal and effective method for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings.

Our training works well. It has helped thousands find success in art-Herb Smith was a payroll clerk-Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large print-

ing firm. This was four year ago; today he's head artist for the same firm. Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery

## sells her paintings.

Pather of Three Starts New Career

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "nofuture" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester, knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw. Two years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production Manager for a growing advertising agency.

With our training, Wanda Pickulski was able to give up her typing job and become the fashion artist for a local department store.

#### Barns Soven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising illustrator. earns seven times at much and is having a new home built for his family.

Reta Page of Payson, Utah, writes: Thanks to your course. I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to \$100 each."

Even before he finished our training, schoolteacher Ford Button had sold a monthly comic strip to one national magazine plus panel cartoons to a host of other magazines.

#### Send for Famous Artists Talent Test

To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special 12-page Art Talent lest. Thousands of people formerly paid \$1 for this test, But now our School offers it free and will grade it free. People who show talent on this test are eligible for professional training by the School Mail coupon today.

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